MARCH 17, 1980 $1.25

TIME

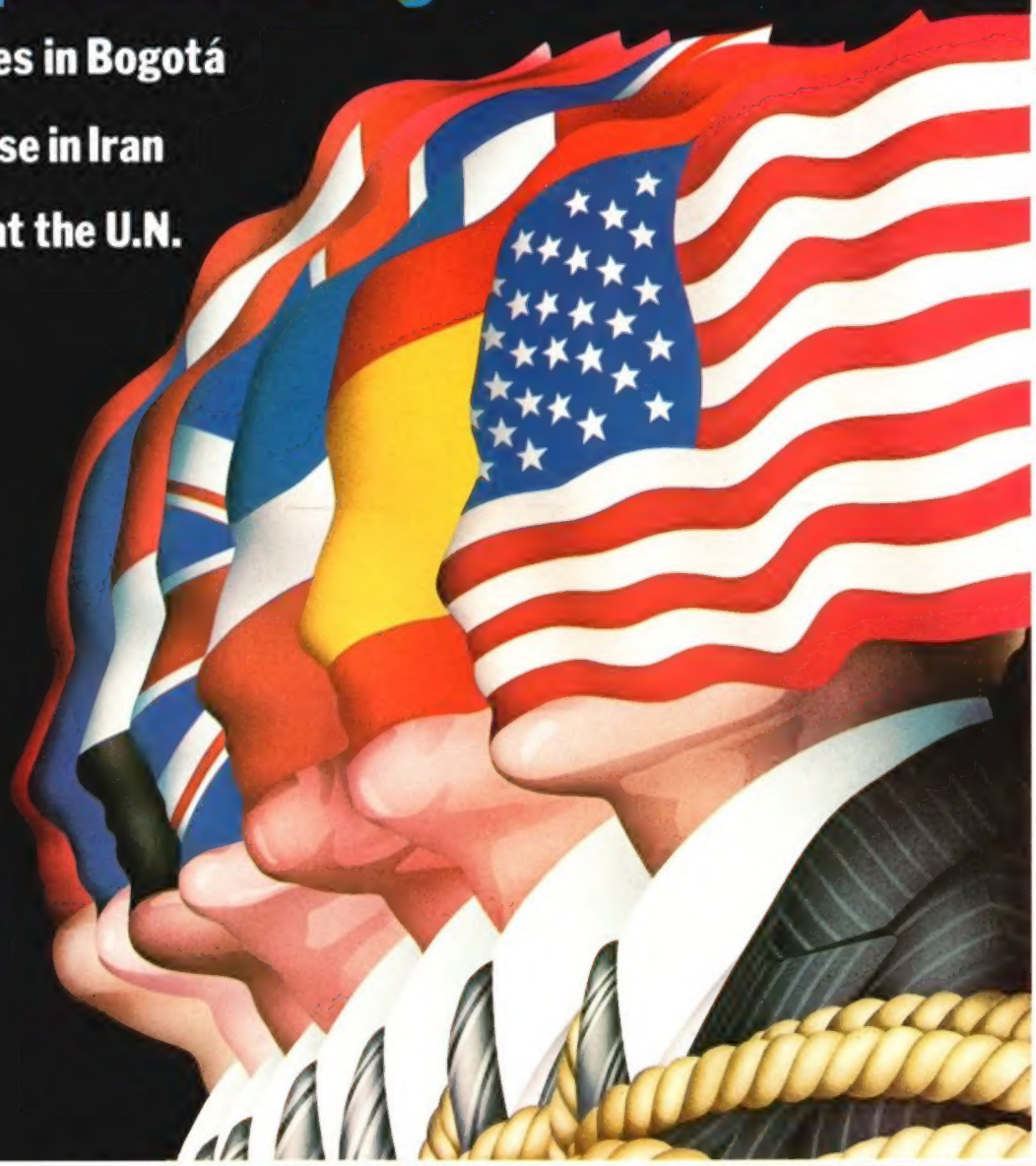
PRICES & INTEREST
Up, Up and Away

Diplomacy in Crisis

Hostages in Bogotá

Suspense in Iran

Fiasco at the U.N.



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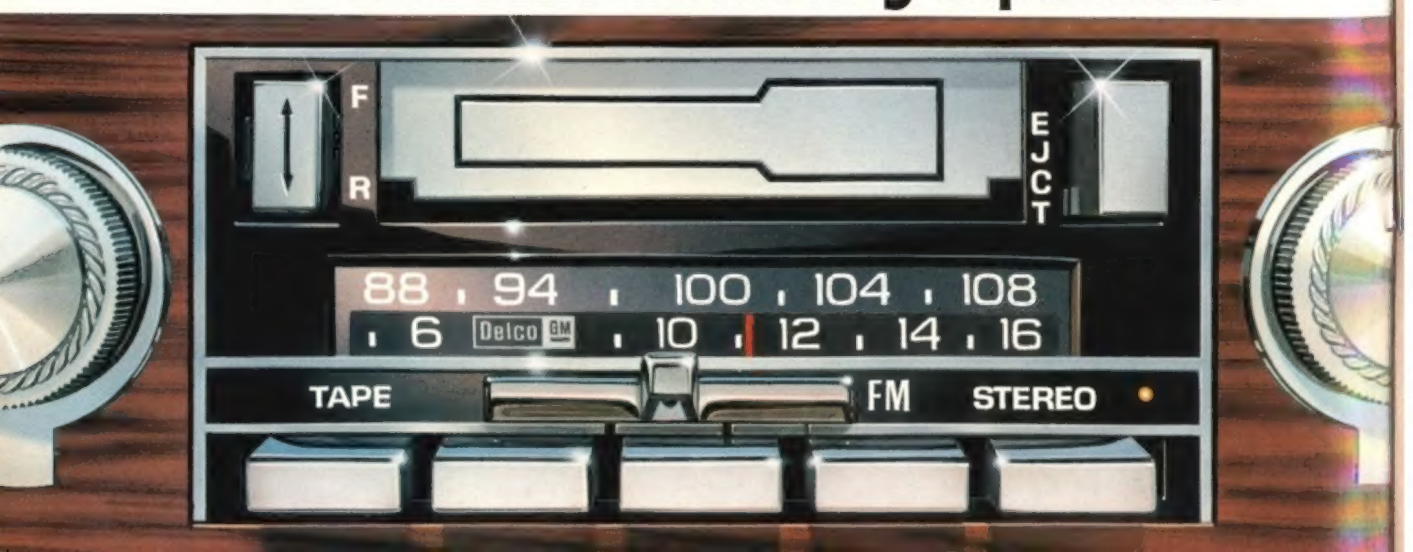

U.S. GOVERNMENT REPORT: CARLTON LOWEST.

Carlton claim confirmed.

Many cigarettes are using national advertising to identify themselves as "low tar." Consumers, however, should find out just how low these brands are—or aren't. Based on U.S. Government Report,

Box or Menthol:

18 Carltons have less tar than one Kent.

20 Carltons have less tar than one Kool Milds.

19 Carltons have less tar than one Marlboro Lights.

13 Carltons have less tar than one Merit.

17 Carltons have less tar than one Vantage.

22 Carltons have less tar than one Winston Lights.

The tar and nicotine content per cigarette of selected brands is:

	tar mg./cig.	nicotine mg./cig.
Kent	11	0.9
Kool Milds	13	0.8
Marlboro Lights	12	0.8
Merit	8	0.6
Vantage	11	0.8
Winston Lights	14	1.1

		tar mg./cig.	nicotine mg./cig.
Carlton Soft Pack		1	0.1
Carlton Menthol	less than	1	0.1
Carlton Box	less than	0.5	0.05

This same report confirms of all brands, Carlton Box to be lowest with less than 0.5 mg. tar and 0.05 mg. nicotine.

LOWEST... Less than 1 mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nicotine.

Box: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar", 0.05 mg. nicotine; Soft Pack and Menthol: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '79.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

MARCH 17, 1980 Vol. 115 No. 11 **TIME** THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

"Modern communications have speeded up the course of world events. Almost every week, you get an indication of the importance of the man on the scene." That dictum, from former Secretary of State Dean Rusk is one of Associate Editor Jordan Bonfante's favorite quotations of the past few months. Rusk was talking about the continuing importance of America's beleaguered diplomatic service, but Bonfante thinks the words might just as easily apply to TIME's own well-traveled corps of foreign correspondents. In trying to describe and assess the increasing number of assaults on diplomatic privilege and protection—not to mention on the diplomats themselves—for this week's cover story, Bonfante found himself under siege, so to speak. He was held captivated in his office by a steady stream of files from TIME correspondents at the scenes of the latest setbacks for U.S. diplomats in Bogotá, Tehran, Washington and the United Nations.

HUGH PATRICK BROWN

Associate Editor Jordan Bonfante

A veteran foreign correspondent himself, Bonfante found his empathy for diplomats growing stronger as he wrote the story. The Italian-born son of a distinguished Princeton University linguistics professor, Bonfante briefly considered a diplomatic career before graduating from Columbia College but decided instead to enter Columbia's Graduate School of Journalism. After seven years on foreign assignment for TIME he has become closely acquainted with the symbiotic arrangements that often develop between correspondents and foreign service officers. "They both must report on what is going on, and they invariably turn to each other for help," says Bonfante, whose last foreign assignment before joining the magazine's New York writing staff last year was as Rome bureau chief. "The more distant the outpost, the more intense the relationship."

That relationship is especially intense in Latin America, where it seems Correspondent Bernard Diederich has been spending much of the past few months waving to diplomatic acquaintances imprisoned in one foreign embassy or another. "It has reached an epidemic stage," Diederich cabled from Bogotá, Colombia, where he was covering the seizure of the Dominican Republic's embassy. "In El Salvador, I stood vigil outside the French, Venezuelan, Costa Rican, Panamanian and Spanish embassies. I reported on the burning of the Spanish embassy in Guatemala City. Once it was skyjacking. Now it's the seizure of a foreign embassy, that sacrosanct piece of land where a foreign flag casts a shadow and local political strife stops at the door —or used to."

John a. Meyer

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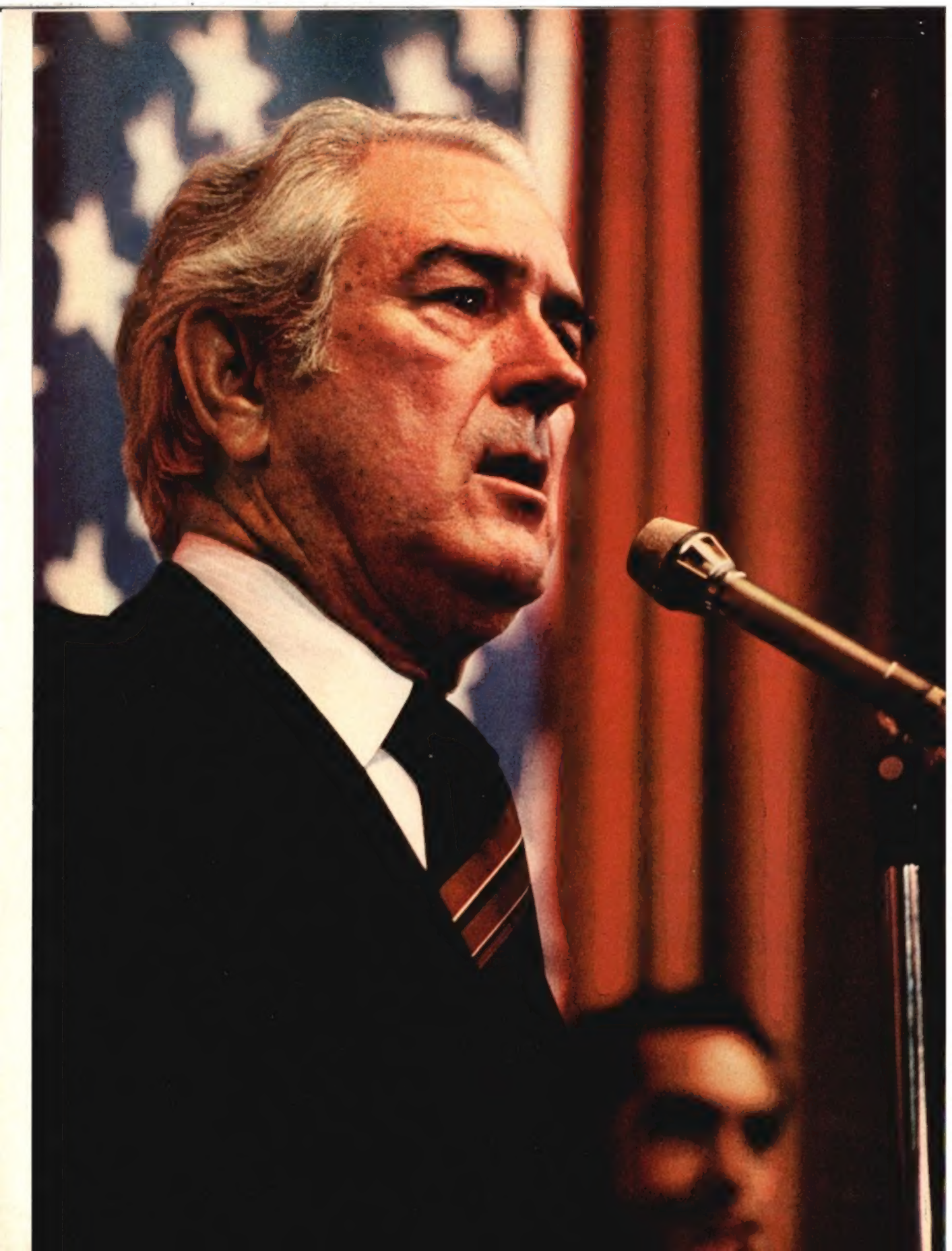

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Lynne Curtiss, housewife: "I can't believe a wagon can hold so much and be so easy to drive."

Lois Schecter, journalist: "Once I looked at other luxury cars, I knew Volvo offered more for the money."

Janine Lindloff, marketing consultant: "I bought it because I was tired of sports cars that kept breaking down."

Elizabeth Guterwill, college student: "The more cars I looked at, the more I wanted the Volvo."

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Letters

Anchorman Dan

To the Editors:

Walter Cronkite is stability and security, an anchor in the storm. Dan Rather [Feb. 25] is aggressive and provocative; he will battle the storm. And yet, the CBS choice is certainly commensurate with the Cronkite tradition because Dan, like Walter, is excellence.

Joanne Wikling
Medina, N.Y.

Mr. Integrity Sr. steps down. Mr. Integrity Jr. steps up.

Gladys Magrum
Lima, Ohio

The Great American Way: hire a newsman for $8 million so he can tell us about all those starving, homeless people around the world who don't even have enough money for a bowl of rice.

Joseph Pentick
Kingston, N.Y.

Rather's name should be Mudd.

Robert A. Spelman
Washington, D.C.

Dan Rather rates a "10" with me, and if anyone comes close to being worth $8 million, he does. But in *The Camera Never Blinks,* he says of Barbara Walters, "If anyone comes close to being worth a million, she may. But in my own view, no one in this business is, no matter what or how many shows they do, unless they find a cure for cancer on the side."

Has Rather found that cure?

Jeanette West
St. Louis

The Solzhenitsyn Debate

In characterizing Solzhenitsyn's views as perhaps "too" harsh and "too" chilling, TIME [Feb. 18] ironically illustrates what Solzhenitsyn is ultimately talking about: the West's continued reluctance to face the facts, whether out of "spiritual impotence" or in the name of so-called intellectual detachment. How much more evidence do we need before admitting what the Communists are after? Those of us who grew up in one dictatorship can easily detect the evils of another.

Frederic Pellisser
Barcelona

Solzhenitsyn pleads with us to distinguish the Soviet people from their government. Such a separation is not, however, easy for Americans to make, since our habits of political thought run in different channels. For us, the government, however much we grumble about it, is an unmistakable expression of our aspirations, fears and confusions as a nation. Our difficulty in seeing things as Solzhenitsyn wants us to see them is one more sign of the chasm between our society, with all its failings, and the society of Solzhenitsyn's long-suffering compatriots.

James R. Pinnells
Heidelberg

The West is a willing host to defectors from Communism, knowing too well what these people are escaping from. On the other hand, it always strikes me that the West willingly nurtures Communism, while realizing the consequences in doing so. Something doesn't make sense.

Chris M. Warning
Cape Town, South Africa

Olympic Views

Your report from Lake Placid [Feb. 25] was exciting, balanced and moving. Despite organizational and political problems, the surprise of Leonhard Stock in the downhill and the withdrawal of Gardner and Babilonia in pairs are poignant examples of the drama only the Olympics can produce.

Timothy J. Reynolds
Green Bay, Wis.

The Olympics took up two weeks of my time, and caused tears, laughs, tensions and above all excitement. I truly felt the patriotic joy that all Americans are supposed to have. Now that the Games are over, I will miss my gorgeous hockey team, incomparable Ingemar Stenmark and incredible Eric Heiden. I wasn't there, but I have new friends and heroes.

Tweet Carlson
New York City

Savage Life in Prison

I can think of nothing but the savagery that occurred at the New Mexico State Penitentiary [Feb. 18], less than ten miles from my home. Good Lord, no human being deserves to have limbs severed by a blow torch or a steel spike driven from one ear to another, no matter what crime brought him to prison.

There will be cries from across the country that there is no money for prison reform; yet now the taxpayers of New Mexico are faced with a $20 million bill to rebuild the facility in which the violent crimes of our state multiplied and festered and brought shame upon us all.

Rosanne Piatt
Santa Fe, N. Mex.

Every time prison violence erupts, people attach a kind of mystique to it all. There is no mystery. The American penal system is traditionally unresponsive. Prisoners' grievances often go ignored until some act of violence, or even death, results. For example, overcrowding, one of the constantly reappearing ingredients that lead to violence, does not develop overnight, but is a gradual process.

Dan L. Rea #138537
Maryland Penitentiary
Baltimore

The Iranian Way

We have permitted Iran its commission [Feb. 25] without ascertaining linkage to hostage release. The Iranians will keep the hostages for months while enjoying an orgy of vilification of the U.S., to which we will not dare even to reply.

America had better prepare for its Gethsemane. The crucifixion will not be far behind.

Rose A. Thompson
Albany, Ore.

According to an old Persian proverb, "There are three things I have never seen —the eye of an ant, the foot of a snake and the charity of a mullah."

Panos D. Bardis
Toledo

Forced to Build a Wall

The Pink Floyd album *The Wall* [Feb. 25] is a statement of how hard it is to be an artist in the face of overwhelming criticism. The world wants to bend you into its mold, and if you're a nonconformist, people force you to build a wall to protect your identity, your inner being. No one wants to have to build the wall.

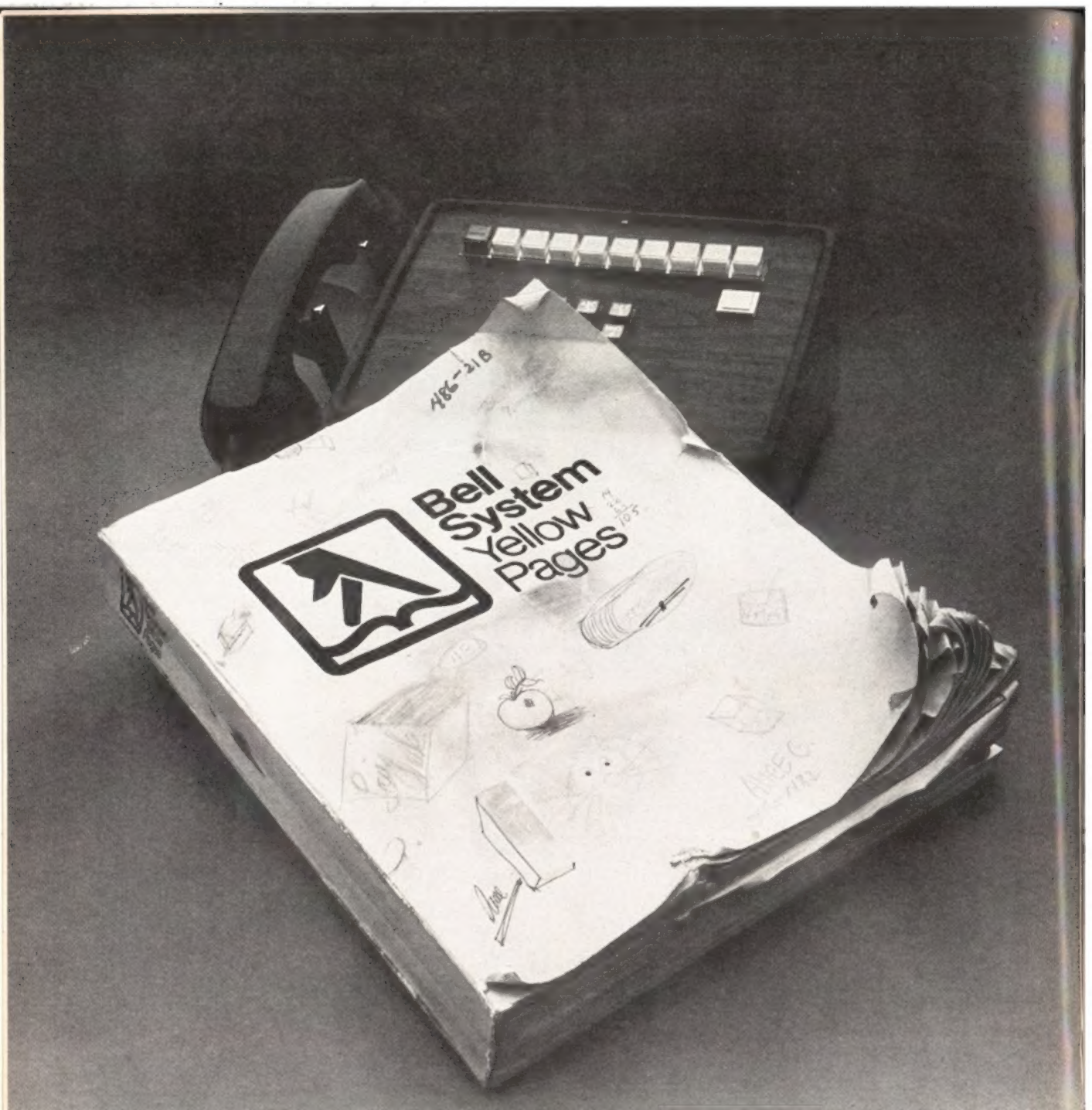
Kevin McCurdy
Oakdale, N.Y.

Fantasy Under Control

I hope no man ever tries to do me a favor by fulfilling what you stated to be one of the most common sexual fantasies of American women—the gentle rape [Feb. 18]. I wish you had at least added that a woman daydreaming of such a forced sex act is in control of her fantasy, and therefore suffers no threat of actual danger. Not so in real life, no matter how "gentle" the rapist may be.

Paula Eastman Sutton
Tallahassee, Fla.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020



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Bell System Yellow Pages

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American Scene

In Iowa: The Mice Aren't Telling

The janitor at the Audubon, Iowa, high school, A.E. ("Brick") Kness, used to watch mice with a hunter's eye. For a while he even allowed them to nibble contentedly in the lunchroom just so he could study their weaknesses. Brick Kness was not going to resort to easy or familiar solutions. This was the Roaring Twenties. When Americans did things right in those days, they invented something new to do it with.

When his magic moment finally came, Brick Kness fused knowledge of mouse and machine into a grand idea, cheap, original and efficient. The end result was not merely a footnote to the history of technology, it was the founding of a family dynasty.

Mike Kness, son of the firm's founder, holding the product, plus plastic mice

Just last summer three of Brick Kness's grandchildren took over management of the multimillion-dollar corporation that now produces what everybody in Albia, Iowa (pop. 4,000), simply refers to as "the trap." The young Knesses are remarkably similar to their elders. The invention has been handed down from father to son not merely as a business but as a way of life.

Last year the Kness Manufacturing Co. sold 400,000 traps and grossed about $1.5 million at a wholesale average of $3.75 a trap. It was the twelfth straight year that production has increased. While there are not enough zeroes in these figures to dazzle anyone on Wall Street, they are remarkable in Albia. All the more so because the Knesses, defying the collective wisdom of American commerce, neither advertise nor employ salesmen to bring the trap to their customers.

In the 1870s, before modern marketing and packaging had been developed, Ralph Waldo Emerson prophesied: "If a man write a better book, preach a better sermon or make a better mousetrap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door."

There is no doubt that the Knesses make a better mousetrap. But ask a gathering of Knesses what makes it better, and you'll mostly get head scratching. Cornbelt born and bred, they are not given to long explanations. Eventually a young nephew says, "There's one unique thing that makes it special, and it would take an outsider years to figure out." Though no one is certain if a trade secret is involved, they decide not to discuss it further. Instead, a concise summary is offered: "There's mechanics there, good practical mechanics. But there's magic too."

The magic would seem to lie in the way the trap lures mice to their doom without a particle of cheese or any other bait. The trap is just a little shorter than a shoe box and is made of galvanized sheet metal. The potential victim sees what appears to be a narrow tunnel open at both ends. Curiosity stirs. He enters. In the center of the box he hits a trip concealed in the floor of the tunnel. Whoosh, clatter, and a paddle sweeps the mouse into captivity. The Knesses have made a number of small changes in the original design. Yet the shape of the openings has always remained an elongated oval, something like a human eye. Is this the secret? "Truth is, we don't know," says Brick's son Mike. "The mice aren't telling."

The Knesses, in fact, are still recovering from a recent attempt to improve the trap. In order to save money they contracted with a plastics company to produce a small butterfly-shaped part used to wind up the spring-powered paddle. The quality of the material varied, and some winding keys broke. Standing by the company's absolute lifetime guarantee, the Knesses, with no outside legal prodding, not only replaced the traps that broke but sent new ones with the traditional metal part to all 60,000 people who had bought a potentially defective product. This experience reinforced the already strong urge among the mousetrap makers to leave nothing for others to mess up.

Instead of trying to improve on what they call "the world's best mousetrap," the Knesses are now concentrating on making a smaller model more suited for residential use. Brick's trap, retailing for $8.95, is too large and expensive for a householder with a minor mouse problem. As a result, most traps go to nationwide exterminating companies and large distributors who market the traps to grain elevators and other food handlers. Professional mice catchers love the trap because it can be wound up and just left in a likely spot. With one full wind, it has been known to captivate up to 15 mice overnight. The mice are not injured and can be released unharmed. Humane trappers have been known to release batches of mice near the houses of people with whom they have a score to settle.

Nevertheless, the world took its time beating a path to the Knesses' door. When Brick made the first trap 55 years ago, he was a widower with six children. He stayed on at the high school for several years before he could risk full-time work with the trap and other inventions. Then the Depression hit, and like millions of others, he had to make ends meet by doing anything that paid. But whenever there was a little cash around the house, Brick would go back to his workroom.

When Brick's three sons, Mike, Lester and Arnold, came back from World War II, the family moved to Albia, some 65 miles southeast of Des Moines, and set up a factory in an old barn. Five railroads then intersected in town, making it a likely place for manufacturing. (Other captains of industry did not flock to Albia, however, and two of the railroads are now gone.) When orders were down, as they often were, the Knesses built houses. They farmed and did some landscaping. They installed toilets and dug septic tanks. They fixed almost any machine that needed fixing. Up through the mid-1960s sales stayed consistently mediocre. Then the Federal Government began restricting the use of poisons for pest control around food. Emerson looked down from the heavens and smiled. A decade ago, the Kness Manufacturing Co. had four employees who with the owners man-

Opposing views. One sees electricity used everywhere, in unlimited supply. Another sees problems: demand outracing capacity, future shortages. Who's right?

Electricity surrounds us—lighting, heating, cooling, sawing, entertaining, brushing teeth, working. Power lines march across the countryside serving every town, nearly every home. Giant grid systems and interfacing networks shift surpluses to relieve shortages. No wonder some flip the switch and declare, "We've got power to burn."

Meanwhile per capita electrical use increased 50% since 1970 and will double before the year 2000. We haven't begun construction on 35% of the capacity needed for the late '80s. And new generating plants take a decade or more to build. Nuclear plants, once forecast to provide half our electricity, have suffered adverse public reaction. With demand growing and capacity static, other people say, "Electricity is in trouble!"

National electric generating capacity appears adequate for now. But shortfalls are predicted as early as 1982 in the Southwest and shortly thereafter in the Northeast. Electricity will provide a growing share of our total energy needs. Nuclear's promise of clean, safe, pollution-free power is clouded by unanswered adversity. Solar, tidal, winds, geothermal energy offer limited near-term potential. Gas and oil supplies are uncertain and should be dedicated to best advantage: gas for heating and irreplaceable chemical feed stocks; oil for mobile fuel. But abundant coal can help bridge the gap. True, coal too, has drawbacks in mining, transportation, burning. But they can be handled with today's technology.

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American Scene

aged a daily output of 60 traps. Now 28 workers turn out 2,500 mousetraps a day.

"No one of us alone would have made it," says Mike, recalling the years he, Lester, 60, and Arnold, 56, struggled to keep the trap going. "Each of us faltered at times, but then the others were there to help. Teamwork isn't easy. We learned it out of necessity." Four years ago, Brick's old barn got too small for the growing business. The family decided to construct a new factory and pretty much built it themselves. Brick died of Parkinson's disease just after the decision was made. He never saw the new place, but he would have liked the way it was put up.

Brick Kness

That new factory is one of the few signs of Kness prosperity. Members of the clan do not build big houses or take trips to Europe. A "good time" is still defined as a fishing trip or a full bag of quail at the end of a day's hunting. When the three brothers decided to pull out of the company's day-to-day operations, they briefly considered hiring a general manager. The notion was rejected, Mike explains, because "an experienced person coming in here just wouldn't be able to understand it. Besides, we wanted to keep things in the family." The idea of anointing just one of the young Knesses as boss also had drawbacks. "If we'd made any one of the boys general manager and turned him loose, there'd have been conflicts." Instead, the elder Knesses decided to pass along their own managerial troika—as well as a set of rules to make it work. Kerry, 26, Russ, 26, and Paul, 25, each have a distinct area of responsibility so none can boss the others.

A Kness rule, "No advice unless someone asks for it," is balanced by: "Every decision is unanimous." Each Monday at 9 a.m., the three meet to report their activities and make plans. "We keep each other in check by asking questions," Russ says. Keeping an eye on all three is Gerry Mosbey, 46, a mousetrap maker for 25 years who has an equal voice in the management. Mosbey will become part of the family soon. Kerry is engaged to his daughter Rhonda.

"No one ever pressured us to come back here to Albia," Russ says. Asked why he did, he explains, "There's a kind of a tie to the trap. It's pride in what the family has accomplished, in the quality of the product."

The path to the Knesses' door may have been beaten simply because of the Ketch-All Automatic Mouse Trap, Patent No. 2433913. But Emerson suggested an additional reason for this family's success: "Nothing astonishes men so much as common sense and plain dealing." — *Roberto Suro*

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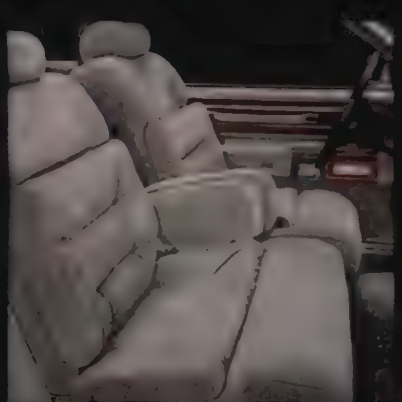

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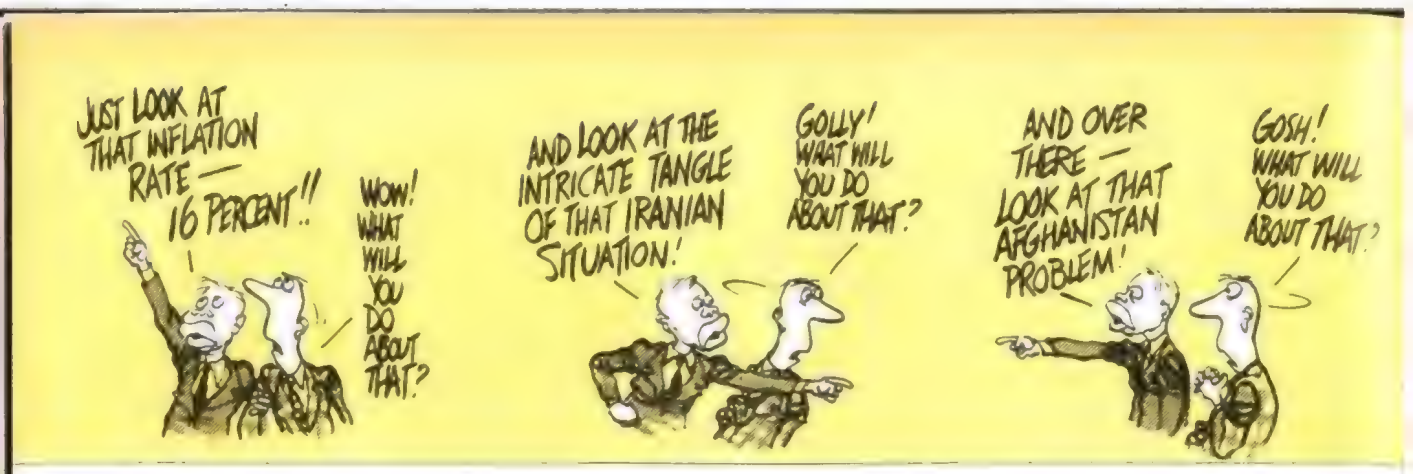


TIME, MARCH 17, 1980

Flip-Flops and Zigzags

Isolated in the White House, Carter seems all too prone to error

He has been holed up in the White House for more than three months now. He has given only two press conferences since October, and only a few aides see him regularly. He summoned 300 business leaders and prominent citizens last week to consult on the galloping inflation rate, but chose not to meet with them. While an aide chaired one of the sessions, Jimmy Carter was in the garden with his grandson Jason, 4. Together, they built a snowman.

This is the "Rose Garden strategy" that began almost accidentally as an outgrowth of Carter's preoccupation with the Iranian seizure of 50 American hostages. Then, as the polls showed Americans rallying around their President, he moved with vigor and anger to condemn the Soviet Union for its invasion of Afghanistan, and he demanded that the Soviets be punished for it. Victory followed victory in the primary election campaign, and the Rose Garden strategy became a way of life. But last week a series of blunders and setbacks revealed the isolated President to be somehow out of touch with the nation and perhaps the world. Indeed, a growing number of critics harked back to the possibility that the President was simply not doing his job very well.

The worst blunder, of course, was Carter's public repudiation of a U.S. vote in the United Nations Security Council, which had supported a resolution demanding that Israel dismantle its settlements in the occupied territories, "including Jerusalem." The vote and its disavowal, which managed to outrage both the Israelis and the Arabs, and to baffle and dismay U.S. allies, was blamed on "a failure to communicate." That was hard to believe, and many did not believe it. But if true, it was a remarkable example of official incompetence.

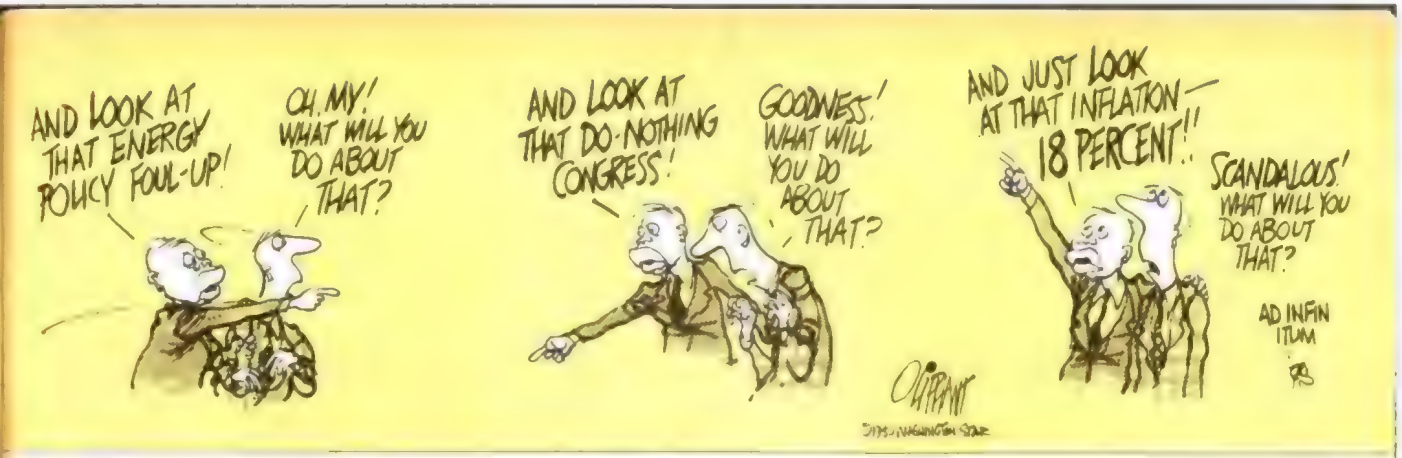
Mistakes often walk hand in hand with bad timing and bad luck. Hardly had the shouts of dismay over the U.N. humiliation ebbed when Pakistan jolted the President by brusquely rejecting a U.S. offer of $400 million in military aid because it was too little ("Peanuts," Pakistan President Zia had said weeks before). Down the drain with that went the efforts of National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski, who only five weeks ago on a mission to Islamabad had attempted to convince Zia that his security and future lay with the U.S. America, offering its money and a hint of its might, had been spurned in quite embarrassing public circumstances. The result: a serious blow to U.S. international prestige.

The home front reeled as well. The latest figures on the state of the economy were appalling. The wholesale price statistics released on Friday showed an annual inflation rate of nearly 20%, and the Congressional Budget Office projected a budget deficit of nearly $50 billion for fiscal 1980, the very year by which Carter had so earnestly pledged he would balance the budget—but that was a campaign promise made in 1976.

For many of those who look for the best in him, Carter remains an ineffective President, one who has only partly followed the traditional pattern of growing in the job. He too often seems as uncertain as when he first took office: an immensely dedicated, well-meaning, decent man who is not comfortable with the power of the presidency. Says a former top official in Washington: "He really doesn't like power and doesn't know how to use it."

An idealist, Carter tends to think that if a policy is right, it will somehow prevail. A proper moral stance, he seems to believe, is at least half the battle. He thus remains relatively indifferent to strategy, to making sure that all the pieces are in place and all the proper personalities consulted, that all the predictable consequences of an action indeed have been predicted. He tends to react rather than anticipate, to race from one crisis to the next, always hoping for the best. He often fails to see how one event is related to another in a binding chain of circumstances that a President must always keep in mind. And when an action is heralded by the White House, it too often does not take place. For example, to signal U.S. determination to the Soviets, he called for the draft registration of young Americans, men and women alike. Last week Congress banned the registration of women, and the registration of men was in doubt. Some signal.

Carter compounds the confusion by dividing authority among too many people, a presidential tendency that he has carried far. His economic advisers have never been very logically organized. Last week he bypassed Treasury Secretary G. William Miller and put Vice President Walter Mondale in charge of an economic review. But Mondale is not particularly well informed on the subject and has been spending most of his time campaigning for the President. Carter has split foreign policy between Secretary of State Cyrus Vance and Brzezinski. Until recently, whoever got in the last word often influenced Carter's decision. But Vance has declined in favor, partly because Carter seems to regard him as too mild and conciliatory toward the Soviets. Yet Brzezinski has not assumed power, for Carter mistrusts his emotion-



alism and theatricality. No one fills the policy void, and decisions have to be made under pressure, sometimes by men in a state of late-night exhaustion. Defense Secretary Harold Brown is regarded as a skilled technocrat but cautious to a fault on policymaking. CIA Director Stansfield Turner makes a very limited contribution. Adding to the disarray, Carter has repeatedly replaced his chief emissary to the Middle East. After Vance came Robert Strauss, who was soon succeeded by Sol Linowitz in a role in which continuity is of great importance.

Continuity indeed is vital in all international relations. U.S. lack of consistency is a chief complaint of such puzzled allies as Chancellor Helmut Schmidt of West Germany, who went to Washington last week to convey some of his grievances. Says William Kintner, former U.S. Ambassador to Thailand and now a professor of political science at the University of Pennsylvania: "It sounds as if Carter never heard of the basic axiom that the art of diplomacy is consistency. His is a policy of flip-flops and zigzags."

Some of the U.S. Administration's most notable flip-flops:

▸ Carter came into office pledging significant reductions in the number of U.S. troops in Korea, then rescinded the plan.

▸ He promised a campaign for human rights around the world, then began to make exceptions for certain allies, then largely abandoned the program.

▸ After U.S. diplomats spent months trying to persuade NATO members in Europe to accept the neutron bomb, Carter suddenly canceled production of the weapon.

▸ As a guest of the Shah of Iran on New Year's Eve, 1977, Carter toasted his host for his "great leadership." A year later, when mobs were rioting in Tehran, Carter helped nudge the Shah into exile. During this crisis, Carter ordered a U.S. naval task force to sail toward the Persian Gulf, then ordered it back to the Philippines.

▸ On hearing of a Soviet brigade in Cuba last summer, Carter pronounced it "unacceptable." When the Soviets ignored him, arguing that the troops had been there more than ten years, Carter announced that the brigade "is certainly no reason for a return to the cold war." Last week the State Department reported that the brigade was not only still there, but was out on combat maneuvers.

Carter at ceremony on White House lawn

As uncertain as when he first took office.

In addition to the shifts in policy, there is often an improvised quality to Carter's actions. After announcing the grain embargo, Carter discovered that 17 million tons were under contract to the Soviets in the futures market and that the cancellation of sales would provoke bank failures all over the U.S. A mere phone call to the Agriculture Department would have turned up this information. Grain markets had to be closed for two days and an expensive rescue package for grain farmers slapped together.

The White House seemed just as surprised to learn that Argentina had enormous grain reserves ready for sale to the U.S.S.R., a fact known by any grain trader in Chicago. The U.S. then sent a special emissary to Argentina to ask Strongman Jorge Videla to cooperate in the U.S. embargo, but Videla, who had been pilloried by the State Department's human rights pronouncements, refused. The Soviets will be able to make up about 60% of the lost U.S. shipments. Concedes a senior State Department official: "The grain embargo has become symbolic."

The paradox in Carter's failures is that the voters keep turning out to support his candidacy for re-election. It is partly the same patriotic tendency that caused John Kennedy's poll ratings to rise after the debacle at the Bay of Pigs. But there are signs that Carter's extended Indian summer may be turning colder. In the wake of the U.N. uproar, Senator Ted Kennedy began attacking Carter forcefully on the issue; the dismay of pro-Israeli voters could become significant in the two big primaries just coming up: Illinois and New York.

The fate of the hostages in Iran is still a perplexing element in Carter's future. Their safe return would bring a great wave of euphoria, whereas their continued detention makes Carter's vacillations look more damaging as each week passes. Even the euphoria of a safe return cannot last indefinitely, however. The dangerous instabilities of the world and the erosion of the U.S. economy will provide continuing challenges of the kind that Carter has shown himself somewhat ill suited to master. ■

The Economy: "Scary"

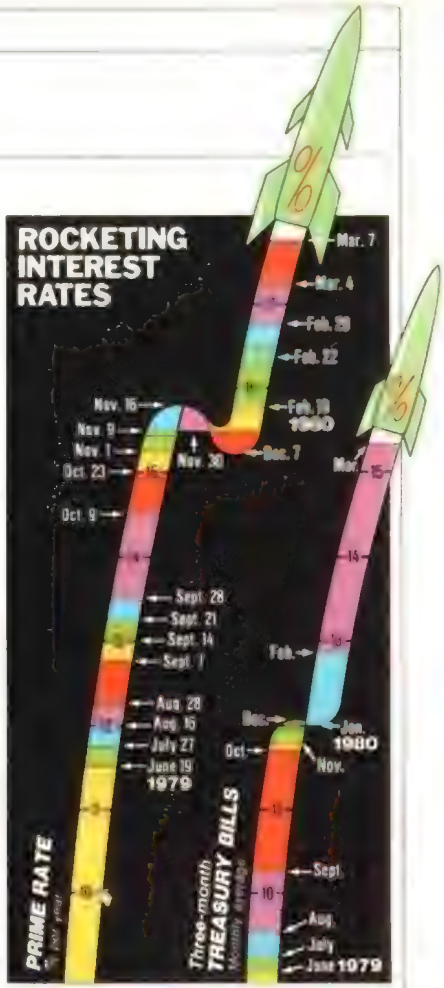
Inflation rages on, and everybody is getting angry

As cries of alarm filled the air last week over the news that inflation had hit 18% per year, the Carter Administration was orchestrating a symphony of its own responses. "We have reached a crisis stage," the President declared. Television crews filmed determined officials, sleeves rolled up and ties loosened, working in normally free hours to cut the budget that Carter himself had sent to Congress only a month earlier. As the week began, Cabinet members slogged through snow-clogged streets to their offices for Sunday meetings to draw up the spending cuts that the President had ordered placed on his desk by 8 a.m. Monday. Hundreds of businessmen from all over the country and scores of Congressmen were summoned to the White House for consultations. Rumors raced through Wall Street that, besides striving to balance the fiscal 1981 budget, the Administration would order tight credit controls.

Then, just as suddenly, came delays and equivocations. The Administration's senior economic officials summoned selected reporters to say that no anti-inflation program would be announced for the time being and that spending cuts for fiscal 1981, which begins Oct. 1, probably would total only $15 billion—significantly less than the $20 billion widely touted, and not enough to balance the budget. In fact, though they did not say so, there is good reason to believe that even after all the reductions, the deficit will be almost as large as the $15.8 billion that Carter estimated in the first place. Worse, said the Congressional Budget Office, the deficit for the current year might climb to a stunning $47 billion, more than $7 billion bigger than the Administration's latest projection. And forget broad credit controls: there will be no outright limits on the sums that banks can lend to businesses, and certainly no restrictions on how much consumers can borrow to buy houses or cars. Only a requirement that consumers pay credit-card bills more speedily—maybe.

The Administration had some reason for its caution. Carter's advisers stressed that their program had to be credible: they would recommend only the spending cuts that they had some assurance Congress could accept. That ruled out any immediate major cuts in the most voracious tax-eaters: the major "entitlement" programs, such as Social Security ($117.9 billion), veterans' benefits ($20.8 billion) and unemployment compensation ($15.6 billion). And Administration officials stressed that there has been no final decision on anything, and will not be until shortly before the President makes a major economic-policy speech, possibly this week—though even that is uncertain.

But for the moment, all signs are that the new Administration program, such as it is, will fall far short of supplying the shock treatment that many economic experts believe is necessary to break the whirling inflationary cycle. Meanwhile, there are indications that White House uncertainty is making inflation worse. Said one Senate Banking Committee staffer about credit controls: "The Administration blew it." The mere rumor of controls, he said, caused businesses to borrow extra money so that they would have it before any controls took effect. Similarly, Treasury Secretary G. William Miller and Anti-Inflation Adviser Alfred Kahn acknowledged in a letter to heads of 500 major corporations that some companies seem to be raising prices in anticipation of wage-price controls. Surveying the scene, New York Investment Banker Felix Rohatyn declared: "We are headed for a national bankruptcy." Said Detroit Banker Robert M. Surdam: "Scary."



Across the nation, the worsening inflation and the Administration's inability to deal with it have caused widespread dismay. "It has been six or eight months since I've taken my wife to a restaurant," grumbles John Conroy, an accountant in Canton, Mass. David Traver, a student and part-time department-store clerk in Atlanta, cannot replace a car that blew its engine and could not be repaired. Says he: "When I was 19, I could afford to buy a new car. Now I'm 26 and I can't afford to buy a used car." He rides a bus or catches rides with friends to work. George McCoy, a law-enforcement officer in Chicago, says, "I'm trying to find a house but it will take me ten years to earn

Secretary of the Treasury G. William Miller and aide pondering possible cuts in the budget

No panacea, but perhaps the only way to break the spend-and-spend psychology

the down payment." Ted Buchalter, a pharmacist in Beverly Hills, Calif., notes that "even the kids are complaining: inflation has pushed their bubble gum up to three cents."

The troubles have caused ugly social strains: citizens blame just about everybody in sight for the inflationary mess. "If anyone is at fault, it's the oil companies and other big business," says Detroit Housewife Eunice Leopold. A Beverly Hills surgical fitter who uses the professional name of Sally Ann sees the villains as "a combination of the unions and the farmers." Some even blame themselves. Says Oak Park, Mich., Housewife Marsha Avrushin: "People are to blame in part because they're greedy. They've got to have the bigger house, the extra car, the new refrigerator. And there's no waiting for a year or two; they've got to have it now." Officials agree with her. Chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers Charles Schultze blames 60% of the problem on the inflationary psychology that keeps spreading.

But most of all, citizens are angry at the Government. Says Troy, Mich., Housewife Marilyn Pallotta: "We've had to get cheaper cuts of meat and cut out snack goodies like potato chips. Well, I resent it when I cut and the Government doesn't." Cassie Marsh, a Detroit secretary and wife of a retired insurance agent, complains that Government bureaucrats "keep getting more raises, adding more and more people and getting fancier offices. You never hear of them cutting back." For many voters the economic mess is overshadowing all other U.S. problems. Says Rick Osban, service manager for a St. Louis truck manufacturer: "I'm more worried about inflation than about anything the Soviets may do overseas."

Just about every economic figure released last week heightened the national anxiety. Producer (*i.e.*, wholesale) prices jumped in February at a compound annual rate of 19.6%. That was a bit less than the January rise, but still an enormous increase, and it occurred despite a drop in food prices that is very unlikely to continue. The figures for January and February taken together, said W. John Layng, assistant commissioner in the Bureau of Labor Statistics, "indicate that price pressure may be accelerating."

Interest rates scaled absolutely unheard-of peaks. Several banks raised the prime rate on loans to business to 17¾%, and a big bank in Chicago went up to 18%. The rate on U.S. Treasury bills, a risk-free investment, shot to 15%, *vs.* 10% only last September. The stock market shivered and sank through a nervous week. The Dow Jones industrial average plunged to 821, down 43 points for the week and 83 points since 1980's high of 904 reached only a month ago.

Even what would normally be good news had a gloomy tinge. Unemployment dropped slightly, to 6% of the labor force in February from 6.2% the month before, and new orders received by manufacturers rose 3.6% in January. Those reports only intensified a paradoxical fear among bankers, economists and even some politicians. They worry lest the Administration's policies will *not* bring a recession this year. In their view, only a slump can curb inflation: if it does not occur, and prices keep skyrocketing, the economy may be headed for a real bust later. "The figures show that we are still probably not in a recession," said Texas Senator Lloyd Bentsen, chairman of the Joint Economic Committee, with disappointment clearly audible in his voice.

Budget Boss James McIntyre exchanging ideas with Connecticut Senator Abraham Ribicoff

A try for a bipartisan economic policy, but the Republicans were very suspicious

If the national anxiety has a good side, it is that the mood has finally penetrated to Capitol Hill. Congressman after Congressman asserts that letting inflation rage unchecked—and voting against anything that might seem likely to slow it—would be political suicide. The search for a way out of the economic morass has come to focus on a balanced budget, not as a panacea but as an indispensable first step toward getting the economy back under control. Besides, nothing else has seemed to work.

Still, cutting even $15 billion out of the totals devised by Budget Director James McIntyre will be an extremely painful process. Says one policymaker: "The dilemma is that defense costs are going to go higher than even the budget now states. So where are we left to cut? In state and local finances, the poor and the old, the disadvantaged. It's nothing we enjoy doing."

To share the pain, and round up support for what in the past has always been a very controversial process, the White House two weeks ago began an unusual attempt to shape a national and congressional consensus. It even brought the Republicans into what it hoped would be a bipartisan economic policy. The effort got under way with a kind of scaled-down version of last summer's "domestic summit" at Camp David. Top industrialists and Wall Streeters, representatives of farmers, blacks, elderly people, consumers and civic groups were called into the White House for a weeklong series of meetings with the President's top aides. Eventually 300 people attended, and their observations filled a 56-page notebook that Presidential Assistant Anne Wexler presented to Carter's economic policy group. The

recommendations were, as might be expected, thoroughly mixed. Many of the participants supported the idea of slashing federal spending—but they carefully did not advocate cuts in programs that help the people they represent.

The Administration also began meeting with congressional leaders. In a night session at the White House, Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd of West Virginia suggested that Senate and House Democrats form teams to work with the Administration's policymakers in drawing up a unified set of budget reductions —in Byrd's words to TIME Correspondent Neil MacNeil, "a package with which we can walk the plank"—and then take it to the Republicans for their ideas. Both Acting Senate Minority Leader Ted Stevens of Alaska and House Republican Leader John Rhodes of Arizona brought groups of their followers to meetings with Miller to trade budget-cutting ideas. The Republicans at first were extremely suspicious. Some feared that the President was trying to get them to take the risk of voting for unpopular spending reductions that Democrats would not support. "Who wants to be the fellow who votes against the veterans or cancer research?" asked Stevens. Nonetheless, the Republicans agreed to look over whatever the Democrats came up with.

Despite all the careful orchestration, the partial list of potential cuts that emerged by week's end was not impressive. The White House ordered its budgeteers to try for only a $5 billion whack out of the entitlement programs—a timid move, since these programs swallow 77% of the entire budget and are rising at a dizzying pace. One option that Administration officials say they are considering is to slow the rise in Social Security benefits by modifying the formula that ties those benefits to the Consumer Price Index. That brought an outburst that typified the inflation fighters' problems. Cyril Brickfield, head of the American Association of Retired Persons, wrote to President Carter that doing so would "cause millions of older people to suffer a severe reduction in their purchasing power."

The remaining $10 billion in cuts will fall largely on relatively new programs that have not yet developed a powerful constituency. Some samples: at the Labor Department, $1.6 billion will come out of job programs. For example, the number of public-service jobs to be created in 1981 will be cut by 70,000. The Department of Energy is targeted for a $1 billion slash, mostly by buying less oil to put in a national reserve to guard against future supply interruptions. The Department of Health and Human Services will cut $700 million primarily from training and research activities.

Much more could be done, if the President and Congress could summon the will, and many possible reductions would cause little if any hardship. One example: Government departments go on a spending spree at the end of each fiscal year to get rid of every cent that Congress has authorized them to pay out. The Government has built a ten-year stockpile of office furniture that is being stored in warehouses. Aid to so-called impacted school districts dishes out tens of millions to some of the wealthiest districts in the country.

Balancing the budget will not by itself stop inflation. It must be accompanied by other weapons: a continuing curb on growth in the money supply, measures to increase productivity and lessen U.S. dependence on foreign oil—and, unhappily, probably a recession. But the biggest current spur to inflation is a feeling among citizens that prices will rise forever, so that they must spend before their dollars get still cheaper. The spending in turn boosts prices. Some signal of Government determination to check the spiral is needed to break this inflationary psychology, and a balanced budget is the best—indeed, nearly the only—one available. ■

"When You Start to Squeeze"

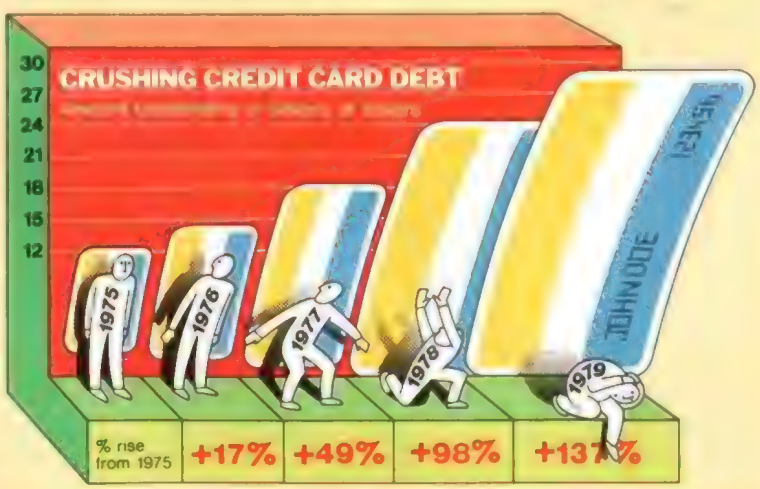
The current inflation has been largely fueled on credit (as has U.S. prosperity). Collectively, Americans owe $150 billion in commercial bank loans, $115 billion in car loans and $29 billion on bank credit cards. Groping for new weapons to fight inflation, the Administration is taking a look at whether credit controls will help. The prospects are not good.

Under the never invoked Credit Control Act of 1969, the President has the authority to ask the Federal Reserve Board to restrict bank lending and/or consumer borrowing in any of eleven specified ways, including flatly forbidding "any extensions of credit under any circumstances the board deems appropriate."

Thus the President could ask the board to put a ceiling on the dollar amount of loans that any bank could make, or restrict particular types of loans, or accomplish the same purpose indirectly by regulating ratios of banks' loans to their capital. He could ask that consumers be required to make larger down payments on purchases of houses, cars, refrigerators or indeed just about anything, and to pay the rest of the price more quickly.

Selective credit controls have been tried several times, most recently during the Korean War years, 1950-52, but economic experts say that they had little measurable effect. As long as people have money to lend, borrowers will find a way to tap it. Large corporations unable to borrow from domestic banks could borrow from abroad, or issue bonds or commercial paper (in effect, big short-term IOUs); a consumer could take out one of the personal loans that were permitted or borrow on his life insurance to buy a car. Says J.H. Tyler McConnell, president of Delaware Trust Co.: "When you start to squeeze one area, the money just bursts out somewhere else." Also, bankers argue, controls unfairly hurt small companies and low-income consumers who need credit the most.

The Administration seems convinced. It has been considering a number of possibilities, but the only significant step it is believed likely to ask the board to take is to impose some kind of curb on all credit cards. It might put a lower ceiling on the debt that a consumer could run up on a card, or require speedier repayment of outstanding balances.



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Anderson making a strong impression in Massachussetts: "We tried first and foremost to make this a campaign of ideas"

Scrambling an Already Wild Race

Anderson does well, but the week's real winner may be Ford

First it was Iowa, then New Hampshire, and last week it was Massachusetts that managed to scramble the 1980 presidential race. Every one of the early heats seems to produce its surprises, thrusting up a new star and creating new possibilities. That emphatically was the case in last week's voting, which shaded or changed the fortunes of the whole cast of characters from Jimmy Carter to Ronald Reagan, produced headlines for G.O.P. Congressman John Anderson, hitherto only a beguiling also-ran, and most important, pushed Gerald Ford to the edge of joining the race.

For a moment, the essence of the rapidly shifting race was caught in a quiet office in the U.S. Senate where a casualty of the Massachusetts vote was talking about why he had just dropped out of the Republican race. Senator Howard Baker wondered aloud about the volatility of the electorate in this political season, and then shrugged. Said he: "I haven't the foggiest idea of how this election will finally end."

Nor, it would seem, does anyone else. Given the right combination of events and a little bit of luck, any number of pairings is still conceivable. To be sure, President Carter remained the heavy betting choice among the Democrats, but in Massachusetts Ted Kennedy defeated him by 65% to 29%—a wider margin than the Senator had expected in his native state. That victory was dimmed by his 3-to-1 loss to Carter in neighboring Vermont in a "beauty contest" primary that left the actual selection of delegates to party caucuses. Nonetheless, Kennedy's sagging candidacy was buoyed in another way when the President unexpectedly handed him a powerful campaign issue: the Administration's abysmal handling of the U.N. resolution on Israel.

For all the encouragement that Massachusetts gave Kennedy, the state may have changed the Republican race far more dramatically. On the surface, Reagan had good reason to be satisfied by the tally, finishing a respectable third in a state that was alien territory. He thanked the voters for giving him and Wife Nancy what he called a splendid present for their 28th wedding anniversary, which fell on the day that voters cast their ballots. On Saturday, Reagan got an even more glittering prize when he soundly defeated Connally in the South Carolina primary. With most of the ballots counted, Reagan was winning nearly 55% of the votes, *vs.* roughly 30% for Connally and some 15% for George Bush.

Still, Massachusetts set in motion a series of events that could ultimately cost Reagan the nomination. The man who started things was Anderson, 58, the liberal, ten-term Congressman from Illinois, who startled even himself by finishing with 123,076 votes (31%), as against 124,226 (31.3%) for Bush, a Massachusetts native despite his current Texas address. At the same time, Anderson scored another "win" in Vermont: he took 30% of the vote there, to Reagan's 31% and 23% for Bush. Much of Anderson's surprising strength came from independent voters, bearing out what he has been arguing all along: that a deeply conservative Republican like Reagan cannot attract enough independent voters to win the November election. Ironically, the moderate Baker had also insisted that he could attract the necessary coalition of voters to win. But his quiet style lit no fires, and when he finished a distant fourth in Massachusetts, with only 5% of the tally, he decided to pack it in. Said he: "It's not in the cards."

The inability of any of the Republicans to seize a commanding lead quickened the interest of former President Ford, who narrowly defeated Reagan for the nomination in 1976. Ford is expected to announce soon whether he will run and turn the G.O.P. race into even more of a free-for-all. Said he of his chances: "At this stage, the odds are very tough. But I believe with the right kind of campaign I could be nominated."

Actually, Ford has been on the verge of diving in for weeks, but he wanted to be wooed. Last week a prominent group of the ex-President's friends, headed by former Secretary of the Air Force Thomas C. Reed, announced formation of a national Draft Ford Committee and urged Americans to write the former Chief Executive to show "there is broad support for a Ford presidency." If such backing materialized, Ford admitted, "I'd have a hard time saying no." He believes that his moderate views make him, and not Reagan, "the most electable Republican," and he reasons that the sad state of the

Former President Ford addressing students at Eckerd College in St. Petersburg, Fla.

"I believe with the right kind of campaign I could be nominated."

George Bush taking a break with an aide during his campaign in South Carolina

Running right out of his socks, but still in search of the "Big Mo."

economy gives him what could prove a decisive edge over Carter.

Last week Ford was getting some solid signs of support. Former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger met with Ford in Palm Springs and said he would endorse his candidacy. New York State Republican Party Chairman Bernard Kilbourn urged Ford to run. Stuart Spencer, a key Ford strategist during the 1976 race, began putting together a campaign staff. Ford met with Ohio Governor James Rhodes, among others, to discuss politics. He even conferred with John Sears, the man Reagan fired as his campaign manager on the day the Californian won big in New Hampshire. Neither man would say whether or not Sears had been asked to join a Ford campaign, although the former President did acknowledge that Sears would "be a great asset." Said Sears: "I believe Ford could be nominated. I don't think the timing is too late."

Possibly not. But Ford has already missed the filing deadlines for 22 primaries that will name 939 of the 1,994 delegates who will convene in Detroit next July. Winning in the primaries, admits G.O.P. Chairman Bill Brock, would be "an awesome task" for Ford. Still, he could get a substantial boost from Baker, whose name remains on the ballot in several primaries that Ford would not be able to contest. Baker thus could end up serving as a surrogate for Ford. Indeed, that is precisely what will happen in the March 25 Connecticut balloting. In the key state of Illinois, where 92 delegates to the convention will be chosen on March 18, at least two-thirds of Baker's slate will stand in for the former President.

Even so, some of Ford's closest advisers doubt that he can win via the primaries at this late date. House Minority Leader John Rhodes fears that his old friend would only fracture the party by campaigning. Melvin Laird, former Defense Secretary and longtime Ford confidant, also believes that Ford should not plunge into the remaining primaries but gamble instead that neither Reagan nor anyone else will win on the first ballot. Says Laird: "I think his best chance, the way I add it up right now, is that the convention has to turn to him."

A fascinating scenario could unfold, however, if the convention deadlocked and failed to select either Ford or Reagan. In that case, the search would be on for a compromise candidate. One possible choice: Baker, the man whose withdrawal is bound to have an important effect on whether or not Ford decides to run.

Baker announcing his withdrawal

"It's not in the cards."

While Ford dallied over his decision, his problem was being made more difficult by the hour as Reagan rushed ahead with his Southern offensive. After South Carolina, Reagan expects to do well in this week's Southern primaries—Alabama, Florida and Georgia—as well as in Texas (May 3) and Mississippi (June 3).

John Connally, meanwhile, seemed to be running out of steam. And cash. He had pinned a great deal—perhaps too much—on the outcome in South Carolina, frankly admitting that his national campaign depended on his winning there or finishing a close second. Said Connally: "This is the only place we've really worked." To support his cause, Connally enlisted two of the state's most popular and powerful politicians: former Governor James Edwards and Republican Senator Strom Thurmond. In particular, Thurmond was campaigning for Connally as though his own career were at stake. With the Texan at his side, Thurmond was at a Du Pont plant gate in Camden at 7:30 one morning last week, buttonholing arriving workers, draping an arm around each and whispering confidingly, "He's a mighty good man. Speak a good word for him."

Anderson, who had made such a splash in Massachusetts, was not even on the ballot in South Carolina. A noted civil rights advocate in the House, Anderson is much too liberal for the South. Instead, he is looking forward to the primary in home state Illinois. The Republican Party there is a good deal more conservative than he is, but Democrats can vote Republican in the primary, and Anderson will continue his efforts to lure both crossovers and independents. In Illinois, Anderson will be using the same approach that was so successful in Massachusetts. In his victory speech in Boston, he quoted Ralph Waldo Emerson to explain his political appeal: "Nothing astonishes men so much as common sense and plain dealing." Added Anderson: "We tried first and foremost to make this a campaign of ideas."

If Anderson outrages conservative Republicans—he supports SALT II and the Panama Canal treaties, for instance—his liberal views and his refreshing candor have attracted thousands of student volunteers and his campaign is fast becoming the most fashionable since the Clean for Gene McCarthy crusade of 1968.

Though Anderson was still behind Reagan and Bush, there were signs last week that he was beginning to attract some attention in Illinois. The flow of money was quickening, students were volunteering, and over the weekend he won endorsements not only from the pro-

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Democratic Chicago *Sun-Times* but also from the moderate Republican Chicago *Tribune*.

As for Bush, he remained a serious contender by winning in Massachusetts, however narrowly. But he clearly failed to regain the momentum—the "Big Mo," as he likes to call it—that he won in the Iowa caucuses, then lost in New Hampshire. In the Bay State, he had a good organization, campaigned extensively, enjoyed the endorsement of such prominent Republicans as Henry Cabot Lodge and Elliot Richardson, and still was able to win by less than 1%.

In the wake of his disappointing showings in Massachusetts and Vermont, Bush tried to put the best face on the situation by declaring that he was delighted to have Anderson to his left and Reagan to his right. That, he said, "was exactly where the American people are and that's why I'm going to get the nomination." But Anderson's showing clearly rattled Bush, and at one point he complained: "John Anderson is not a national candidate. He's an anomaly."

Bush is bitter about Anderson, and angry at the prospect that Ford will enter the race, because his whole strategy is to turn the Republican contest into a two-man duel between himself and Reagan. In that event, he reasons, other Republican leaders would rally to him because of their doubts that Reagan could win the election.

On the Democratic side, some Kennedy supporters saw hope that luck might be turning their way. Unanticipated events, like the seizure of the hostages in Iran and the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, have helped Carter rally support. In turn, the Administration's disastrous bobbling of the anti-Israel resolution in the U.N. suddenly gave Kennedy a comparable opportunity. He immediately moved to capitalize on the issue in New York State, where Jews are expected to cast up to 16% of the vote in the important March 25 primary. Calling the episode a "major foreign policy gaffe" and the vote "inappropriate, unwise and unjustified," Kennedy met in Manhattan with a group of Jewish leaders who were furious over the initial U.S. vote supporting the resolution. As a prominent activist bluntly put it: "We're looking for someone to love." Said Rabbi Alexander Schindler, who endorsed Kennedy months ago: "There is a sense of betrayal which is going to manifest itself in support for Ted Kennedy."

Given the gaffe at the U.N., the flow of bad economic news and the uncertainty about Carter's effectiveness, the President obviously does not have an unbreakable grasp on the nomination. But then, with the race in its early stages, neither does anyone else in either party. As of this week, there are still 41 primaries and caucuses to go. The summer conventions are a long, long way off. ■

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Too Many Horse Handlers

Out of the current political turmoil there is emerging something that seems like a rebuke from the voters to the professional handlers of candidates. The emergence of Loner John Anderson, the firing of Reagan Manager John Sears, the general pruning and realignment of other staffs suggest an effort by candidates to regain some control of themselves in response to mounting skepticism from the folks out there.

As they say in the trade, there may have been a little overpackaging. It is no wonder, since the handlers have swelled into the thousands, many of them coming out of the sales and advertising world, where the abiding faith is that almost anything can be sold. Candidates are commodities.

In becoming a permanent segment of the service economy, the handlers have naturally acquired many of the traits of any other bureaucracy. As they get more sophisticated, they move from product to product, campaign to campaign. The special sense of mission diminishes, the sense of omnipotence increases, and ultimately a kind of benign contempt for the candidate develops.

The handlers now include the organizers, fund raisers, pollsters, television counselors, speechwriters and idea men. In the ambitious campaigns, exotic species like voice therapists and hair stylists have joined the ranks. The media members are separate, of course, but necessary to make it all run. The handlers and journalists thus enhance each other.

Professional Political Manager Sears

So it was when Sears was cashiered. He came back and held a press conference in the National Press Club, perhaps the first time a campaign factotum was elevated to such status. He had been judged until then almost as much a part of Reagan as Reagan.

There always has been a little after-hours jesting among the campaign operatives about their candidates ("Does he know where he is? . . . Get him his speech . . . Ask him to try not to scratch himself in front of the cameras"), but in today's world of intense scrutiny, when a tiny glitch can sink a campaigner, the candidates have become frightened and more dependent than ever on their experts, who become more self-important with each election. Twenty years ago, when John Kennedy introduced many of today's practices, the handlers were a good deal more humble. None of them ever dominated Kennedy, who probably knew more and was tougher than the lot.

The experts like Richard Scammon, of the Elections Research Center, fault the decline of the party system for the rising influence of the handlers. The bosses used to pick the candidates, and the party apparatus did the rest. There was established through the party a direction and meaning. Now the contenders have to make their own approach, so they go shopping for the consultants.

Austin Ranney, a scholar at the American Enterprise Institute, believes that as long as the parties remain weak, the handlers will multiply and as they move from candidate to candidate, they may develop ever more the attitude of horse trainers.

There are ominous overtones as we enter the age, at least in the presidency, of what Author Sidney Blumenthal calls the permanent campaign. The men in the White House may or may not be very good at governing, but they are whizzes at campaigning, and so they do it from election to election. Carter's U.N. vote fumble undoubtedly was enlarged by the panic of political manipulators and Carter's reliance on them.

As an indication of just how Machiavellian this has become, there is one theory in Washington that holds that John Sears arranged his own firing to make Ronald Reagan appear a more commanding and believable figure. That seems highly unlikely, but then again . . .

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The cabin where Steven Stayner and Timmy White (inset) lived with their captor

Escaping "Dad"

Bizarre kidnaping

In darkness and rain, the strapping teenager and the five-year-old boy hitchhiked the 40 miles from Manchester, near the California coast, to Ukiah, a mist-shrouded market town 120 miles north of San Francisco. Arriving at about midnight, Steven Stayner, 14, hesitantly told police the reason for their trip. "I didn't want Timmy to go through what I went through."

So ended one of the most bizarre kidnaping cases in California history. Timothy White, the five-year-old, had been abducted in Ukiah on Valentine's Day, while on his way home from kindergarten. Police charged that he was taken by a drifter named Kenneth Parnell, 48, who cropped the boy's blond hair and dyed it a darker color, then brought him home to his one-room cabin near Manchester. The boy's parents never received a ransom note. Parnell did not want money: he allegedly had stolen Timmy to provide a "brother" for Steve Stayner, whom authorities claim he had kidnaped seven years earlier as the boy walked home from school in Merced, in central California.

Police say that Parnell convinced the young Stayner that he had been put under his custody by a court order. The boy tried to run away once, but got lost and returned. Stayner became known as Dennis Parnell and even began calling his kidnaper "Dad." They ended up in the cabin without water or electricity on an isolated ranch near Manchester. Stayner attended local schools sporadically but led a solitary life. He later told the police: "It was boring." Parnell worked as a night clerk at the Palace Hotel in Ukiah. "He was a quiet man who seemed a little lonely," says Carol Lee, a co-worker. "Kids —that's what we talked about."

Why did Parnell kidnap the boy? Digging into his record, police found an unsavory history. At 19, after a trial in which a court-appointed psychiatrist called him a "sexual psychopath," Parnell was convicted of sexually abusing an eight-year-old boy and sentenced to three years in San Quentin. Only four days before the trial, Parnell's wife—who later left him —had given birth to a girl. A court order prohibited Parnell from ever having any contact with her, a fact that Mendocino County District Attorney Joseph Allen speculates might have induced him to kidnap children as surrogates for his daughter. Parnell also served six years in Utah State Prison for armed robbery and grand larceny and twice escaped from mental institutions.

Despite Parnell's past, police feel that he did not sexually molest Timmy White; they are unlikely to prosecute Parnell for any sexual crimes involving Stayner, who insists that he was not mistreated. The boy clearly has conflicting thoughts about his captor. Police say that Stayner seemed fond of Parnell, who he said "spoiled" him. When Stayner finally left, he took along a dog named Queenie, a present from Parnell. Stayner was defensive about Parnell in his talks with police and reluctant at first to reveal his name. Yet Stayner also said that he had no desire to see him again.

Both boys were healthy and fit when they were reunited with their families, although at first Timmy White's mother did not recognize him because of his dyed hair. Stayner's parents had never moved from their home in Merced during the years of his captivity, hoping that their son would some day find his way back. Last week, home at last and trying to rebuild his life, the boy who had been away for seven years opened Christmas presents that his family had carefully saved in anticipation of his return. ■

Justice Is Blind

The risks in a good turn

Polk County District Judge Theodore H. Miller had a small problem. He was accidentally locked outside his chambers in Des Moines, Iowa. While a defendant and his attorney patiently waited, Miller summoned the janitor, who tried every trick he knew to unlock the door: a passkey, a credit card, even a small drill. No luck.

The waiting attorney, William Kutmus, approached the judge and suggested that perhaps his client, Loren R. Wilson, might be of some assistance. Wilson borrowed a paper clip and a pipe wrench, lined up the tumblers in the lock and in three seconds popped the door open.

Amid applause from onlookers, the grateful judge thanked Wilson, took his seat at the bench and promptly sentenced Wilson to a ten-year prison term. His crime: burglarizing a Des Moines laundry. Under Iowa law, the judge said, he had no choice but to impose that sentence. And was Wilson indignant? "Wilson's a professional," said his lawyer. "He didn't expect anything." ■

And So Is Love

The risks in a soft voice

Ron Reed, 34, first heard of Kyle Stratton ten years ago when he went from the University of Miami to work as a technician at a glass plant in Toledo. Ron recalls that Kyle's friend Carolyn Matuszak showed him a picture of the beautiful blond and told him that she was an heiress who had been injured in a car crash. Kyle was now being kept a virtual prisoner (under an assumed name) in a local hospital, hooked up to a kidney dialysis machine and watched over by a fiercely suspicious attorney.

One evening Ron received a call from Kyle. "There was this very soft, sexy voice on the other end of the line and she introduced herself." More calls followed, then letters. Ron was in love.

But how to liberate Kyle? According to Ron, Carolyn suggested that he provide alternative medical care, and in 1972 Ron began giving money to Carolyn to make the arrangements. For the next seven years he worked 60-hour weeks and scrimped to pay for the freedom of his beloved. The total cost of devotion: $45,000.

Earlier this year, after Carolyn scolded Ron for being late with a payment, Ron admitted to a friend that he had never seen Kyle, and the friend urged Ron to go to the police. They discovered that there was no Kyle. Carolyn, charged with grand theft and deception, and her husband Robert, charged with duplicity, completely deny the charges. Ron is heartbroken. Says he: "I felt such love for her." ■

COVER STORIES

Diplomacy's Dark Hours

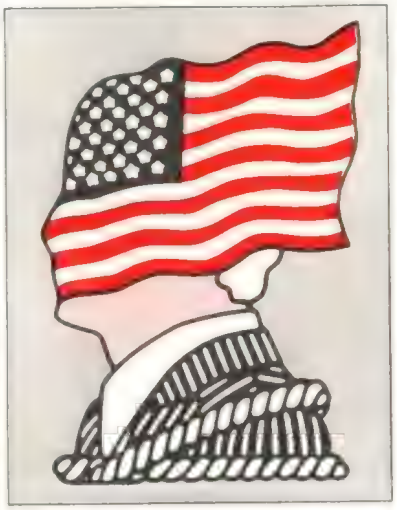
Seldom have envoys and embassies faced so many hazards—and catcalls

"My slowly creeping doubt is that we may be contemplating the beginning of the end of diplomacy —not as an art, which we will always need, but as an institution."

So warned Italy's Roberto Ducci last month, retiring as Rome's Ambassador to London after 42 years in his country's foreign service. Indeed, seldom before in modern history has diplomacy been so dangerous, or so seemingly discredited, a calling. The clear and ugly danger is represented by terrorists who look on embassies and diplomatic missions as ripe, highly visible targets of opportunity, and their occupants as valuable hostages. At the same time, the traditional role of the diplomat, as an international negotiator, has been to some degree rendered obsolete in an age of instant communications, when heads of state and foreign ministers personally conduct essential business, sometimes without consulting their appointed envoys. American embassies, symbols of "imperialism," are special targets of leftist zealots. And these days American diplomacy itself is the target of much criticism by both allies and enemies—criticism inspired by what too often seems to be insufficiently considered policies announced by President Carter and his aides.

Last week the turmoil besetting the diplomatic scene reverberated dramatically on three fronts:

▸ In Tehran, an apparent move toward the possible release of the hostages held by militants at the U.S. embassy came just as a special U.N. commission was ready to give up in abject failure. The militants, who have occupied the embassy for more than four months, prepared to turn over their 50 prisoners to Iran's ruling Revolutionary Council, but at week's end were still arguing with Iranian government officials as to when the transfer might actually take place.



▸ In Bogotá, walk-on-eggs negotiations between the Colombian government and leftist guerrillas holding diplomatic hostages at the embassy of the Dominican Republic produced the release last week of another prisoner. Several other envoys were among the hostages still being held at gun point inside the building.

▸ In Washington, Secretary of State Cyrus Vance took full public responsibility for a "mistaken" U.S. vote in favor of a U.N. Security Council resolution calling upon Israel to dismantle all of its settlements in the occupied territories. This astonishing policy turnabout managed to antagonize both Israelis and Arabs, raised new doubts among America's allies about the credibility of Carter's foreign policy, and contributed to the already shaky morale of the U.S. Foreign Service. U.S. diplomacy had seldom seen darker hours.

As a diplomatic theater of the absurd, nothing could quite compare with the continuing siege in Colombia. The stage was the broad Avenida de Carrera in central Bogotá, cordoned off around the three-story embassy of the Dominican Republic; the handmade red-white-and-blue flag flying outside the building was that of a Colombian revolutionary group called M-19, for April 19 Movement. More than a dozen of their masked and armed guerrillas, including at least four women, remained in full control of the compound they seized almost two weeks ago in a gunfight during an Independence Day reception given by the Dominican Ambassador. They had a bonanza of prisoners: more than a score of diplomats from 18 countries, including the papal nuncio; Washington's respected Spanish-born envoy, Diego Asencio, 48, and 13 other ambassadors.

Negotiations between the Colombians and the guerrillas were carried on inside a cream-colored van parked in front of the embassy's main gate. Last week two officials of the Colombian Foreign Ministry met inside the truck with one of the guerrilla women, who was wearing a jogging jacket, jeans and a woolen mask over

Terror Targets

The world's diplomats are rightfully worried. According to a new report by the Rand Corp., there have been 42 terrorist assaults on diplomatic missions since 1971; almost half of them have taken place in the past two years. Egyptian and American missions have been the most frequent targets of these assaults (five apiece). Attacks have occurred in 25 countries—eight in El Salvador alone. The adjacent columns present a chronology, in text and pictures, of some of these assaults.

BANGKOK, Dec. 28, 1972 Four armed Palestinian "Black September" terrorists seize Israeli embassy and six hostages, demand release of 36 commandos held in Israeli prisons. After negotiations with Thai government officials lasting 19 hours, they surrender hostages and fly to Egypt.

KHARTOUM, March 1, 1973 During a reception for arriving and departing U.S. envoys, Black September terrorists take over Saudi Arabian embassy, kill both U.S. diplomats and a Belgian chargé d'affaires. They surrender to Sudanese authorities after three days, free three other hostages.

PARIS, Sept. 5, 1973 Five Arab terrorists break into the Saudi embassy and seize 13 hostages, demanding release of a Fatah leader imprisoned in Jordan. They release some hostages but take four others with them to Kuwait, where the terrorists surrender hostages and themselves two days later.

her face. She was accompanied by Mexican Ambassador Ricardo Galán, representing the prisoners. All three men, with Latin chivalry, gallantly stood aside to allow the hooded woman to enter first. After two hours and 20 minutes of secret talks, there were signs of some progress. Austrian Ambassador Edgar Selzer was released and flew off to Vienna to be at the bedside of his dying wife.

The government steadfastly resisted the guerrillas' original demands, for $50 million and the release of 311 political prisoners. But it was said to have put forward a proposal offering the terrorists safe passage out of the country and an aircraft to fly them to Austria, Panama or Switzerland. Also included in the government's package, according to some reports, was the proposal that Pope John Paul II be asked to enter into the negotiations, presumably through an emissary. The terrorists' hooded negotiator was said to have shown some flexibility about the guerrillas' demand for the $50 million, but very little in regard to the prisoners.

Inside the embassy the guerrillas were treating their captives with courtesy and consideration. The Costa Rican Ambassador, who was released shortly after the takeover, described the terrorists as "a group of highly educated intellectuals" who displayed "incredible discipline" in responding to their masked chieftain, "Commandante Número Uno."

Each day the Colombian Red Cross showed up to deliver food and, ever so tidily, take away the garbage. Inside, life went on as "in a hotel," according to a Colombian government official. The Haitian Ambassador telephoned his girlfriend back in Port-au-Prince. The Egyptian Ambassador ordered, and received, *kibbi*, his favorite dish, in addition to the Koran. The papal nuncio, Monsignor Angelo Acerbi, celebrated Mass twice a day, using sacramental wine and a crucifix that the terrorists had allowed the Red Cross to deliver.

Even so, the atmosphere remained quite tense; no one had forgotten that one of the embassy invaders had been killed in the vicious original shootout. After gaining his freedom, Austria's Selzer warned that his colleagues were in "an extremely dangerous situation." At week's end the panel-truck negotiations continued, but the siege appeared to be settling in for a prolonged terrorist live-in

Wounded Paraguayan consul being wheeled from Bogotá embassy

Harmonious relations, in a diplomatic theater of the absurd.

Diplomats everywhere were all too aware that the Bogotá drama was only the latest in a long string of recent embassy seizures around the world. So far this year in Latin America alone, terrorists have stormed—and subsequently vacated, in one way or another—eight embassies, in El Salvador, Guatemala, Panama, Mexico and Peru. In El Salvador alone, six embassies have been raided in the past ten months—and six others have closed down because of the high risk. Last month leftist guerrillas invaded the Spanish embassy in San Salvador and, systematically for ten days, traded hostages for freed political prisoners.

The U.S., as a pet target of leftist discontent, has been disproportionately victimized, even aside from Tehran. The State Department lists 254 significant terrorist attacks against U.S. diplomatic installations or individuals in the past decade. Five U.S. ambassadors have been killed in the past eleven years: the most recent was Ambassador to Afghanistan Adolph Dubs, who died a year ago when Soviet-advised Afghan police stormed the hotel room where he was being held captive by Muslim rebels. The most endangered envoys of all, however, are the Turks. Since 1973 ten Turkish diplomats or members of their families have been assassinated, despite some of the most elaborate security precautions of any diplomatic corps in the West. The killings have been claimed by Armenian separatists; many Turkish officials suspect that the real villains are Greek Cypriot terrorists.

Terror on embassy row is taking its toll on the morale of many career diplomats. "This has really become a very, very dangerous profession," says former U.S. Under Secretary of State Joseph Sisco. "Working for the foreign service is as hazardous as being a policeman," says a functionary at the Quai d'Orsay in Paris. "Why is it that everybody is outraged when a gendarme is killed, but hardly anybody notices when an embassy employee is shot in Madagascar?"

More to the point, why are embassies and diplomats such popular terrorist targets? One root cause, many Western diplomats believe, is that a number of postcolonial, Third World countries are far less inclined than tradition-minded Western states to abide by the old rules of discourse among nations. The fact is, modern diplomacy is a Western invention, developed piecemeal by the duchies and principalities of 15th and 16th century Europe. Western diplomats, at least, would not know how to operate without two of its principal canons: the "immunity" of foreign diplomats from local laws and regu-

KUWAIT, Feb. 7, 1974 Palestinians take over Japanese embassy, hold ambassador and ten others hostage. Their goal: release of besieged Japanese Red Army and Palestinian commandos who had been holding hostages for a week on a Singapore ferryboat. The hostages are finally freed, and the guerrillas fly to Aden.

THE HAGUE, Sept. 13, 1974 Three Japanese Red Army terrorists force release of a fourth colleague, held in a French prison, by seizing French embassy and eleven hostages. The four terrorists demand —and get—a ransom of $1 million, fly to Damascus on a French plane and surrender to P.L.O.

STOCKHOLM, April 24, 1975 Terrorists seize West German embassy to demand release of 26 Baader-Meinhof gang members being held in German prisons. They set off explosion in building. Two diplomats and one terrorist die in firefight with police before terrorists surrender; ten other hostages are released.

MADRID, Sept. 15, 1975 Four armed Palestinian terrorists break into Egyptian embassy, take three hostages and threaten to blow up the building unless Cairo renounces the Sinai pact with Israel. Flown to Algiers with five hostages, terrorists surrender to the P.L.O. All the hostages are freed.

lations, and the "inviolability" of embassy ground. Inviolable sanctuary has been upheld even in hours of international conflict. In the aftermath of the Hungarian Revolution, for example, Jozsef Cardinal Mindszenty sought and received the safety of the U.S. legation in Budapest for 15 years. These principles are spelled out in the Vienna Convention of 1961, which has been ratified by 131 nations—including Iran.

By traditional standards of diplomacy, the seizure of the American embassy in Tehran represented a particularly abhorrent violation of these two moorings of diplomatic practice. But it was not unique. When mobs sacked the U.S. embassy in Tripoli last year, Washington strongly accused Libyan authorities of allowing it. "Civilized countries have no possibility of retaliation, because to arrest the envoy of an offending power in return is alien to our concepts," Italian Diplomat Ducci complains. "Why do we then continue to offer hostages to imams and to fortune?" Enrico Jacchia, a noted Italian political scientist, is somewhat more philosophical: "We assumed that the Western principle of diplomatic immunity could be applied everywhere in the Third World. In other words we wanted to export our way of life —and it didn't work."

Another reason that diplomats and embassies are increasingly frequent targets of violence is that the attacks often succeed. Embassy invasion is fast becoming in the '80s what skyjacking was in the '70s. Says Brian Jenkins, the Rand Corp.'s specialist on terrorism: "The generally harder line toward other forms of international terrorism has not applied to the taking over of diplomatic missions. There is mounting evidence that terrorists may have shifted to diplomatic missions, where they are less likely to face assault."

There is little agreement about what the priorities should be in trying to combat the threat. Many experts argue for a coordinated international strategy, including new antiterrorist laws comparable to those against skyjacking. Agreement has been elusive. As a former U.S. ambassador complains, "One man's terrorist is another man's freedom fighter."

Mexican envoy and hooded guerrilla leave van
Courtesy and Latin chivalry.

Another problem is that diplomatic outposts cannot be turned into minimilitary bases. Many U.S. officials contend that the Tehran crisis was unavoidable, once the Iranian police allowed it to happen, because no reasonable number of Marines could have stopped it. Said one U.S. security official: "If you cannot rely on the host government for protection, you will have to post a Marine division around every embassy." Consequently, the prevailing response to embassy terrorism is the "barricade" approach.

Entering the U.S. embassy in Kabul, for example, a visitor is scrutinized at a dozen different fallback layers of security. First he has to sign in, have his passport checked and business verified at a gatehouse. Searchlights sometimes follow him across the courtyard, closed-circuit TV cameras beam his image to half a dozen screens inside. Behind the electronically controlled door, credentials are checked again, cameras and tape recorders yielded. An electronic detection booth checks further for hidden weapons; Marines stand ready to frisk thoroughly. Finally, when a member of the embassy staff emerges to provide a personal escort, the thoroughly inhibited visitor is allowed to penetrate into the inner sanctum.

The trend for the future, according to State Department Security Planner Lambert Heyniger, will be to design "smaller, less conspicuous buildings, possibly raised off the ground to make them that much more difficult for attackers to enter." Many new embassies have already traded aesthetics for security considerations. The new Swedish embassy in Cairo is a forbidding concrete structure with a single street entrance, narrow slits for windows, and a protected inner courtyard backing on the Nile—for quick escape by boat if necessary. More than anything, it is said to resemble Hitler's bunker. Finally, another comparatively hardhearted approach gaining adherents even in the U.S. State Department is simply to be tougher in striking back next time—as the Soviets would probably be. "Tehran would never happen to the Soviets," says U.S. Antiterrorism Expert Robert Kupperman. "If it did, they would wipe out a hunk of the city, even if they lost everybody in their embassy. That has its deterrent effect."

Considering the increased peril that their lives are in, diplomats hardly enjoy hearing that their embassies and their duties are not as important as they once were. But a growing number of critics believe that many of the traditional forms and norms of diplomacy—and the role of the ambassador—are already not only out of date but possibly obsolescent. Italy's Ducci goes so far as to raise the possibility of abolishing permanent missions and replacing them with special roving legates, not unlike those of the 16th century. "An exchange of embassies between friendly countries is at worst superfluous," he argues, "and between unfriendly countries it is at best risky."

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 4, 1975 Demanding independence for the South Moluccan Archipelago, gunmen seize the Indonesian consulate, taking 30 hostages, including 16 children. Negotiations obtain release of some children. Terrorists surrender after 16-day siege, during which one prisoner dies, three are injured while escaping.

VIENNA, Dec. 21, 1975 Three are killed and seven wounded when six pro-Palestinian terrorists seize 81 persons attending an OPEC conference. Among them are several oil ministers. The terrorists fly to Algiers, then Tripoli, releasing some hostages, finally surrender in Algiers two days later.

NEW YORK, June 15, 1977 Three members of a Croatian nationalist separatist movement shoot their way into the Yugoslav Mission to the U.N. seeking to take the ambassador hostage; they wound a chauffeur and throw anti-Tito leaflets from embassy windows before surrendering to police.

PARIS, July 31, 1978 An Arab terrorist shoots his way into the Iraqi embassy, takes eight hostages. He surrenders nine hours later, but as he is led away, Iraqi security guards open fire on him. In the ensuing melée, one security guard and one policeman are killed; the terrorist and three others wounded.

Few deny that summitry and shuttle diplomacy have pretty much ended the traditional role of the ambassador as a decision maker and formulator of policy. "Not such a long time ago, instructions came by couriers on horseback or by ship," says a West German diplomat. "Now," says a Bonn Chancellery colleague, "if Schmidt wants to talk to Giscard, he picks up the phone."

Many diplomats complain of lost "elbow room" and of having been transformed into an "executive manager" at best, and, to quote one former French ambassador, a combination "messenger boy, travel agent and innkeeper." Reduced responsibility has also meant falling prestige. No French diplomat reacted kindly when President Georges Pompidou imperiously commented that an ambassador's role consisted of balancing "a cup of tea and a slice of cake." Nonetheless, after each election in the U.S., hope still springs eternal among political beneficiaries that they might be rewarded with choice ambassadorial appointments.

Newsman allowed to approach embassy after stripping

A few signs of progress in the secret talks.

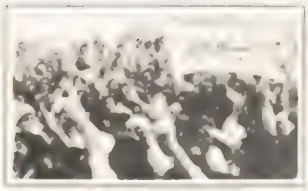
Henry Kissinger believes an ambassador's role has been diminished in certain very precise ways. Says he: "On day-to-day negotiations, professional ambassadors are less necessary than they were in the last century, when distances were greater and instructions could not be issued in each instance. Today there is a trend to instruct them in minute detail in even insignificant tactical decisions." On the other hand, he also pays diplomats the haughty compliment of arguing that it is up to them to take up some of the cerebral slack left by politicians. "Before World War I," he says, "world leaders were of the same intellectual milieu. Today the qualities necessary to *become* a national leader are not necessarily the same as those needed to *be* a national leader. So diplomats are unusually important."

U.S. Ambassador to London Kingman Brewster believes that envoys in this era could actually be more rather than less useful, mostly because they can provide "real perspective" and "not just the flash-flash, bang-bang, instant short focus on every dramatic event." Although Brewster favors selective summitry, he argues that only diplomats on the scene can provide the "accurate perceptions" and "nuance and detail" that are essential to the summit participants.

One problem that bothers American career diplomats is what they call "back channeling"—that is, top officials circumventing ambassadors in ways that undercut their relationship with the capitals to which they have been appointed. A classic case in point: key negotiations with the U.S.S.R. in the Nixon, Ford and Carter Administrations have usually been carried out by Secretaries of State directly with longtime Soviet Ambassador Anatoli Dobrynin. Former Ambassador to Moscow Malcolm Toon, a career diplomat for 33 years, thinks this exclusive use of the "Washington channel" is all wrong. Says Toon: "As I told Vance a couple of times, if Washington continues to behave the way it did in terms of using the American embassy in Moscow, they could just as well get along without an ambassador." Joe Sisco, who was twice offered the Moscow post by Richard Nixon, concurs. He says, "I turned that embassy down for the following reason: as long as Nixon and Kissinger were around, they were going to be the Soviet desk officers. And if I decided to go to Moscow, Nixon would have a personnel problem within six weeks."

These days, however, considerations of the diplomat's professional frustration and his changing job description tend to pale beside the crucial and complex questions posed by the terrorist threat. The underlying quandary, of course, is the question of diplomacy's sheer survival, of how long it can continue to function at all with its embassies under constant siege and its practitioners under constant threat. Rand's Jenkins points out that, with the glaring exception of Tehran, the terrorists have shrewdly concentrated on "soft" embassy targets belonging to smaller countries and avoided the fortresses belonging to larger ones. That might appear to be an argument for ever more stringent and restrictive security measures. But how can an American ambassador even begin to do his job if he never leaves his bunker?

The dilemma posed by such embassy takeovers is a grim classic: to reject the terrorist demands outright could result in the death of the hostages on the spot, but to accede to them might only encourage terrorism elsewhere. At week's end a rumor was circulating that the Colombian government would fly the entire embassy throng—hostages, guerrillas and possibly a number of freed political prisoners—to Panama City. There, on neutral ground, the guerrillas would release their captives and make their separate ways to prearranged countries of asylum. And what if no negotiated solution could be reached? The answer, at least from the Austrian Ambassador who had been released as a hostage, was stark: "Catastrophic massacre." ■

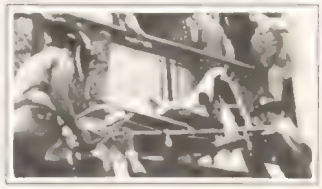


KUWAIT, March 26, 1979 Palestinians storm Egypt's embassy to protest conclusion of a peace treaty with Israel. Also outraged by the treaty, militant Arab students in Bangladesh's capital of Dacca seize the Egyptian ambassador's residence, holding him and others hostage at gunpoint for eight hours.

SAN SALVADOR, May 4, 1979 Leftist guerrillas seize ambassadors and others as hostages in French and Costa Rican embassies; they demand land reform and release of key political prisoners. A week later they take over the Venezuelan embassy. Some hostages are held for a month before release.

ANKARA, July 13, 1979 Palestinian terrorists attack Egyptian embassy, kill two Turkish security guards and take 19 hostages. They demand that Turkey denounce the Egypt-Israel peace treaty, sever relations with both countries and recognize a "Palestinian state." Terrorists surrender and release hostages two days later.

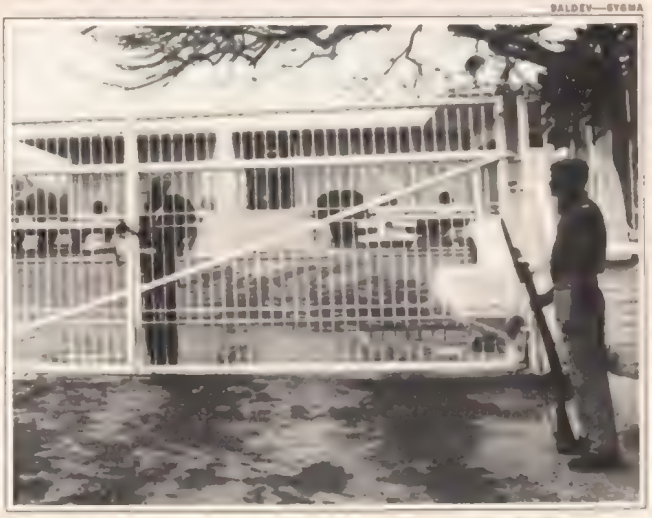
GUATEMALA CITY, Jan. 31, 1980 Peasants and students seize Spanish embassy to protest army repression. As security forces attack building, a Molotov cocktail thrown by an intruder starts a fire; 39 are burned to death, including most of the intruders, two embassy staffers and two Guatemalan officials



No Fun on a Short Leash

The hostage crises in Tehran and Bogotá occurred at a time when the morale of the U.S. Foreign Service was already flagging for a number of unrelated reasons. Chief among them, in addition to a growing concern over personal safety: inadequate pay and perks in a period of worldwide inflation, insufficient opportunities for working wives (or in a few cases husbands) and a sense that in an age of instantaneous communication the scene of the real action in American diplomacy has shifted from the embassies to Washington. "We used to avoid home assignments like the plague," says a diplomat at the U.S. embassy in Paris. "It was expensive, and the jobs were less interesting. Now it's the other way around." An officer based in Belgrade agrees: "Ten years ago, the problem was: How do you get 'em back to Washington? Now it's reversed: How do you get 'em back overseas?"

One result is that the isolated hardship post, once considered an adventure or a reputation-making opportunity, is more often shunned in favor of the quieter, more civilized capital. The International Communication Agency (the revamped U.S. Information Agency) recently had job openings in both Buenos Aires and Vancouver. Not so many years ago, the Argentine post would have been considered a plum, the Canadian one a backwater bore. This time around, however, there were several dozen applicants for Vancouver and none for Buenos Aires. The reasons: Vancouver is safe and relatively cheap; Buenos Aires has sporadic political violence and triple-digit inflation.



SALGEV—SYGMA

Armed guard beside front gate of American embassy in New Delhi

The sorest point of all is pay. Typically, a middle-level officer with about 15 years experience earns $35,000, a Foreign Service recruit $16,000, a career ambassador $50,000. According to the American Foreign Service Association (A.F.S.A.), the gentlemanly union that represents the interests of U.S. diplomats, this salary scale is about 10% lower than that of the Federal Civil Service. To be sure, like other American Government employees abroad, diplomats also receive a housing allowance, a cost-of-living provision and access at some posts to certain duty-free goods, such as liquor, cigarettes and gasoline. But high prices and the sinking dollar have wiped out these advantages, leaving the diplomats with little more than the special prestige of being an elite corps. The House of Representatives is currently considering a new Foreign Service Act, which includes increased allowances and provides for hazardous-duty pay. Even if approved, these changes will not offset the rising costs that diplomats have experienced in the past five years.

Aggravating the problems of the Foreign Service even further is the impact of the women's revolution. A great many diplomatic wives, after holding jobs of their own in Washington, are not ready to go back to playing the role of supportive hostess in some overseas post. Says an American officer in the Middle East: "Twenty years ago, a wife loyally followed her husband around the world. Today she argues, 'Why should I give up my $30,000-a-year job to go live in Upper Volta?' " To be sure, the State Department and individual embassies have relaxed the rules by allowing diplomats' wives to work at secretarial and "family liaison" jobs in the missions; obviously, this kind of employment does not appeal to a woman with a career of her own. An embassy wife in Tokyo says flatly: "We're being posted back to Washington this year, and I have no intention of ever going out again." Couples ponder whether their marriages can survive separations for two or three years.

Such tensions have affected the diplomatic corps during a period of radical internal change. Privately, some veteran diplomats complain that admission standards to the Foreign Service have been lowered in order to allow easier entry for women and minorities. Beyond that, says A.F.S.A. President Kenneth Bleakely, a career diplomat himself, "the whole concept of the Foreign Service is under assault." A few decades ago, many aspects of U.S. policy toward a specific country were often set by the American ambassador and his staff on the scene. Today even low-level decisions are made in Washington—with or without the concurrence of the State Department's experts in the field. Jet planes and telephones have created a new kind of diplomacy based on direct, capital-to-capital contacts. "It's a short leash now," says a 30-year veteran ruefully, "and it's just not as much fun." And then there are the official visitors. At the close of last year's Easter recess, the Peking embassy totted up the number of Congressmen, Senators, wives and aides to whom it had played host in a nine-day period. The total: 167. Says an embassy staffer: "We spend at least 50% of our time as glorified travel agents."

If the American Foreign Service has a serious fault, it would probably be that it is caught up in one of the curses of the modern age, what the German sociologist Max Weber called "the iron cage of bureaucracy." Since 1959, the size of the State Department has remained fairly stable, at about 17,000 employees, of whom 3,700 are Foreign Service officers. But embassies are now filled with employees of dozens of other Government agencies. A few years ago, the ambassador in Bonn discovered to his astonishment that his staff included a representative of the Tennessee Valley Authority. Some of these swollen missions seem to be nearly out of control. In Cairo, for instance, the embassy staff over the past five years has grown from fewer than 30 to more than 350. Because of high costs for living quarters, the U.S. is buying a group of residential compounds that will inevitably isolate American diplomats from their Egyptian hosts. "When you develop an embassy to such proportions," muses a high U.S. official in Cairo, "you run the risk of creating a community that lives of and by itself, and that does not bode well for understanding the true currents of local life."

Foreign Minister Ghotbzadeh (right) with members of U.N. commission; President Banisadr with portrait of deceased Premier Mossadegh

Tug-of-War over the Hostages

A week of conflicting signals ends in an Iranian standoff

"To prevent any misunderstanding, we declare that the Revolutionary Council should take the hostages, or the American spies, from us and do with them what they think best . . ."

With that surprising announcement, broadcast over Iranian television and radio, the militants at the U.S. embassy in Tehran last week declared that they were now willing to turn their 50 American hostages over to the ruling Revolutionary Council and newly elected President Abolhassan Banisadr. That was still a long way from saying that the hostages would be released immediately, though it sounded like the best news the U.S. had heard from Tehran since the hostages were seized more than four months ago. But the Carter Administration reacted to the announcement with extreme caution —and, as it turned out, the caution was amply justified.

Word of the prisoners' possible transfer to government custody defused some of the criticism aimed at the White House for its handling of the hostage crisis. Specifically, the critics had charged that Carter had given in to the militants by approving a special United Nations commission proposed by Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim. The job of the five commissioners—lawyers from Algeria, France, Sri Lanka, Syria and Venezuela —was to investigate Iranian grievances against the deposed Shah and his U.S. supporters, and also to check on the health and safety of the American hostages.

In the beginning, the U.S. had thought that the commission's visit would lead to the freeing, or at least the moving, of the hostages. On arrival in Tehran, the commissioners discovered that the militants were locked in a bitter power struggle with President Banisadr and Foreign Minister Sadegh Ghotbzadeh. For ten days the militants did everything they could to prevent the commission members from seeing the hostages; they argued that the visit had not been approved by the ailing spiritual leader of Iran's revolution, Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini. But then, as the commissioners prepared to leave for New York City, their mission a failure, the students suddenly announced that they would surrender control of the hostages to governmental authority.

Ghotbzadeh quickly cautioned against assuming that the release of the hostages was imminent. "You are jumping too far ahead," he told reporters. Nonetheless, as a Western diplomat in Tehran noted, "Once the hostages are in responsible hands, a big obstacle to a final settlement of the dispute will have been removed." In Washington, the White House and the State Department remained uncomfortably silent, as if they feared that the slightest American enthusiasm could wreck the deal. They were weary from reacting to all the contradictory stop-and-go signals that have characterized the crisis and were waiting for a sure sign of progress. They were also fairly certain that Banisadr, who is believed to be anxious to get the matter settled once and for all, would be unlikely to free the hostages until Iranian public opinion had been prepared for so dramatic a move.

At the beginning of the week, the Revolutionary Council had decided that the commission should be allowed to see the hostages. The militants simply vetoed the idea. "We should have been consulted," they said imperiously. Later they proposed that the commission should first publish its report on the evils of the Shah and his American friends. If they liked the report, said the militants, they would allow the commissioners to return to Tehran and interview the hostages. Alternatively, they suggested that the commissioners talk only with the 14 hostages whom their captors have accused of espionage.

Day after day, Banisadr and Ghotbzadeh promised that the meeting between commissioners and hostages would take place, but nothing happened. On Wednesday evening, the commissioners announced that unless a meeting could be arranged soon, they would have to head home. Ghotbzadeh rushed to the Tehran Hilton from a midnight session of the Revolutionary Council, saying he would soon tell the commissioners the time for the proposed meeting with the hostages. Once again, nothing happened. Next morning, as the commissioners were packing their bags for their return flight to New York, Ghotbzadeh invited them to the Foreign Ministry to discuss "important new developments." The commissioners reluctantly accepted the invitation; in the meantime they sent their luggage to the airport and instructed the pilot of their Gulfstream jet to be ready for a 3 p.m. takeoff. Instead, Ghotbzadeh

talked them into postponing their departure. Less than half an hour before their plane was scheduled to depart, the startling announcement by the student militants was broadcast to the nation.

The students repeated their view that the commission's proposed visit to the embassy was a condition "imposed by the criminal government of the U.S.," and that Iranian government leaders did not really want the visit to take place. Nonetheless, they said, the Iranian government had been exerting "intolerable pressure" on them. "The government leaders harp on the theme that we are weakening them and that we are a state within a state." So, said the students, they were washing their hands of the whole affair. "Our responsibility for the hostages is over. We will turn over the spies to the Revolutionary Council."

The Council quickly responded by naming a committee to handle the transfer of the hostages to another location, probably under military jurisdiction. Banisadr met with Khomeini Thursday morning. The Ayatullah did not explicitly instruct the militants to obey Banisadr, but after their meeting he reaffirmed his faith in the new President and in the Revolutionary Council.

At the embassy compound, the militants seemed bitter and uncommunicative, especially as to why they had suddenly reversed themselves. Presumably they were waiting for Khomeini to endorse their actions, as he had done in the past. On Friday they demanded the right to address the Iranian people on radio and television, a privilege they enjoyed in the early days of the embassy siege. They also declared that, whatever happens to the hostages, the embassy compound had become their "home," and they would not leave it—nor would they surrender the embassy files.

Part of the militants' current anxiety clearly stems from the fact that the focus of political power has been shifting in recent weeks to the 13-member Revolutionary Council, where Banisadr is believed to have a bare majority. The Council is divided into two main factions: a secular group led by Banisadr; and the militant clerics, led by Ayatullah Mohammad Beheshti, who are fighting to retain their influence in the regime. Beheshti's faction sees its best chance of regaining power to be a failure by Banisadr to tackle the country's basic problems of inflation, unemployment, instability and agricultural and industrial stagnation. Banisadr is anxious to get the hostage crisis settled so he can address those very problems.

The Beheshti group has taken some encouragement from the fact that Khomeini has delegated the final decision on release of the hostages to a new National Assembly, which will be elected this month and convened in April. The Beheshti group is hoping that the Assembly will be dominated by clerics who will stage a long-running debate on the hostage issue, thereby preventing Banisadr from governing effectively.

That, however, is not what Khomeini seems to want. When he left a Tehran hospital last week, at the end of six weeks of treatment following a heart attack, he called on his countrymen to participate in the elections and get on with the task of building the country. Says a Tehran politician: "He increasingly snubs government leaders who ask him to intervene to break stalemates. He would like to have a working government, not a bunch of helpless toadies."

Khomeini also took this kind of indirect approach in dealing with the militants. He never criticized them openly, but apparently expected them to understand that he wanted them to work through Banisadr and the Revolutionary Council. Misreading the signals, the militants thought they had several more weeks of free rein. They even defied Khomeini's son, Seyyed Ahmed, who had said that he thought the U.N. commission should visit the hostages.

But if the militants misread Khomeini's signals, so, apparently, did Ghotbzadeh. He repeatedly stressed that the transfer of hostages had been approved by Khomeini himself. Apparently he went too far in invoking the Ayatullah's name, since Khomeini has been trying to dissociate himself from any compromises on the hostage dispute that may be forthcoming. Accordingly, his office announced that Khomeini had taken no stand on the transfer question and still wanted the whole matter settled by the National Assembly later on.

That was all the militants needed. They had promised to hand over the hostages late Saturday afternoon to representatives of the Revolutionary Council. But after Khomeini's announcement, they denounced Ghotbzadeh as a "liar" and said they would no longer deal with him. As a step toward a possible compromise, the Council then issued a statement saying Khomeini had previously agreed to a "probable meeting" between the U.N. commission and the hostages. The students said that if this were true, they would let the commission visit the embassy.

After the latest disappointments, Jimmy Carter was plainly dejected about the pace of progress in Iran. At week's end he mentioned to reporters the possibility of making some sort of public expression of U.S. concern—short of an apology—over past events in Iran as a step toward resolving the long-running crisis. Whether that would work was unclear. As always, there was only one man who could bring a quick resolution to the dispute, the Ayatullah Khomeini, and he wasn't talking. ■

Crowd outside U.S. embassy in Tehran protesting compromise

Ayatullah Khomeini addressing followers from terrace of Tehran hospital

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A Voting Fiasco at the U.N.

Mixed signals, or a stunning change of mind

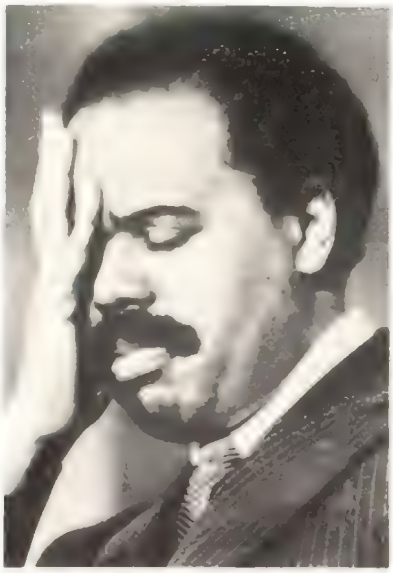
"I now put to the vote the draft resolution contained in document S/13827," said Donald Mills, the slim, elegant Ambassador from Jamaica who was serving as the United Nations Security Council president. After the members raised their hands, he announced the result: "Fifteen votes in favor, none against, no abstentions." U.S. Ambassador Donald McHenry then proudly addressed the meeting. "My delegation is pleased," he said, "that the council has spoken unanimously on this important issue." The occasion was indeed historic. For the first time, the U.S. had supported a Security Council resolution sharply criticizing Israel.

Or had it? Two days later, President Carter issued an astounding statement. The U.S. vote in favor of the resolution, which demanded that Israel both stop its practice of placing new settlements in the Arab lands it has occupied since 1967 and dismantle nearly 100 already in existence, had been a mistake. Carter blamed the error on a "failure to communicate . . . clearly." Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, poker-faced, said curtly: "I take full responsibility for what happened."

But what *had* happened? How could the skilled diplomatic bureaucracy of a superpower mull over a highly sensitive document for nearly a month, scrutinizing each word, and then cast its vote in error? Because of a communications gap between Washington and its U.N. Ambassador in New York? Or between the President and his Secretary of State? Carter's explanation was not only lame but incredible. With one swift stroke, he had destroyed the growing notion, so carefully cultivated in this election year, of acting calmly and shrewdly on foreign policy matters.

Seldom in recent years has the U.S. been subjected to so much scorn and ridicule. In Israel, the Knesset formally rejected the U.N. resolution, which Premier Menachem Begin described as "repugnant and unjustified." American Jewish publications, reflecting Israeli opinion, were unimpressed by Carter's disavowal. Brooklyn's *Jewish Press* charged that Carter had sold out Israel for oil and described his action as a "stab in the back" to all of its readers. Reporting Carter's reversal, Saudi Arabia's state-controlled radio said acidly: "May God have mercy on his soul." The Kuwait daily *Al-Anba* called the President "a coward and a puppet in the hands of Israel." "Instant amateurism," snapped a British diplomat. A German colleague described the "incredible flip-flopping" as "intolerable."

Idaho Democrat Frank Church, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, launched an investigation to get at the facts of the sorry episode. As TIME correspondents dug into those facts last week, two things seemed clear: 1) Carter and Vance had failed to agree precisely on just what phrasing the U.S. would or would not accept in the resolution, and 2) annoyed by Israel's seeming violation of the spirit of the Camp David peace agreement, Carter almost surely would have let the U.S. vote stand had he not been in the midst of a race for re-election. He feared, with good reason, the political repercussions among Jewish voters in such important primary-election states as New York, Florida, Illinois and California.



Ambassador McHenry after Carter reversal

Backing down to lower the political heat.

Secretary Vance after accepting blame

Here, as pieced together by TIME correspondents, is how the fiasco unfolded:

Both Carter and Vance have repeatedly criticized Israel's policy of expanding its settlements on the West Bank and Gaza Strip. As Washington sees it, the new settlements undercut the efforts of Special Middle East Envoy Sol Linowitz to get a meaningful agreement between Egypt and Israel on autonomy for the Palestinian inhabitants of these occupied areas. When the Israeli Cabinet on Feb. 10 approved in principle the right of Jews to settle even in the Arab-populated West Bank town of Hebron, Carter felt that Israel had gone too far. Both at the White House and at the State Department, there was a strong desire to lean hard on Israel. A Security Council resolution condemning the settlements, sponsored by Tunisia and Morocco, seemed a proper means of stepping up U.S. pressure.

By Thursday, Feb. 28, the 14 other members of the Security Council had reached agreement on a revised draft of the resolution. Ambassador McHenry sent a copy of this text to Vance on Thursday night, urging him to seek the President's approval of a yes vote by the U.S. Vance took the draft with him next morning to Carter's weekly breakfast with his top foreign policy advisers.

The President had three reservations. First, he directed Vance to tell McHenry to abstain unless the council deleted an offensive paragraph calling on Israel to guarantee religious freedom in Jerusalem —falsely implying that Israel was not now doing so. Second, Carter said that the U.S. could accept the most controversial paragraph, demanding the dismantling of all Israeli settlements, but only if McHenry expressed U.S. reservations about the wording after the vote. To many diplomats, that seemed an odd, unprofessional way of trying to soften a U.S. stand.

But confusion surrounded Carter's third reservation. He told Vance that "all" references to Jerusalem must be excised from the text before the U.S. could approve it. Yet Carter did not emphasize that he literally meant every reference to Jerusalem. According to Vance's aides, the Secretary thought Carter was adamant only about removing what they termed "the obnoxious paragraph" on religious freedom in Jerusalem.

Voting on the resolution was scheduled for Friday night. There was no lack of clarity in Vance's postbreakfast instructions to McHenry: the U.S. would abstain unless McHenry got the offensive paragraph removed, and he must later make the oral reservation about the dismantling demand. Vance did not tell McHenry that every reference to Jerusalem had to go

By Friday afternoon, McHenry had persuaded other members of the Security Council to delete the paragraph on religious freedom. In telephone talks with Vance, McHenry was advised to seek a

postponement of the vote until Saturday, which would provide more time to get Carter's approval of an affirmative U.S. stand. McHenry got the delay.

On Saturday morning, Vance telephoned Carter, who was spending the weekend at Camp David. Surprisingly, the President had not brought a copy of the important document with him. And for the second time the nation's two top foreign policy officials failed to understand each other. Vance told Carter that "all" references to Jerusalem had been removed, even though the Secretary knew that was not literally true. The President did not ask that the final wording be read to him. He told Vance to pass the word to McHenry: the U.S. could vote yes.

After McHenry raised his hand on Saturday afternoon, he delivered his objection to the dismantling provision as directed, calling it "impractical." His colleagues in the State Department were elated at the U.S. vote. One diplomat telephoned a Washington friend: "We finally came out of the closet on this one. Carter's got guts—he's putting the pressure on the Israelis."

Understandably, the Israelis and their U.S. friends were shocked. Vice President Walter Mondale and Robert Strauss, Carter's campaign chief, were barraged with protests from American Jewish leaders over the weekend. Early Monday morning, Israeli Ambassador Ephraim Evron hurried to the White House to complain personally.

From Europe, Ambassador Linowitz tried to influence the erratic decision making in Washington. Before the vote on the resolution, he protested to the State Department that U.S. support would greatly hinder his negotiating task. But Vance never carried Linowitz's objections to the President. After the vote, Linowitz reached Mondale with his complaints, and they may have helped push Carter toward his decision to back off from the U.S. position.

The President helicoptered onto the White House grounds from Camp David on Monday at 11 a.m. For the first time, he read the resolution—and he was stunned by the several references to Jerusalem, which virtually leap off the page. "He was very, very angry," an aide explained later. "Not only that, he was just incredulous that his orders could have been disobeyed." Most of his anger focused on Vance. "I've never seen him so mad," said an Administration official. "He was ready to kill Vance." The view at first of some in the White House was that Vance and McHenry had acted on their own. Said the official: "Carter ought to fire them both." When Presidential Candidate Ted Kennedy criticized the U.S. for supporting the resolution, calling it "shameful," Carter exploded again.

Vance was in Chicago on a speaking engagement. After conferring with Deputy Secretary of State Warren Christopher, who argued that Carter should ignore Israel's objections, the irate President finally reached Vance at an airport hangar in Chicago. Carter bluntly told Vance that an error had been made. Vance told the President immediately that he took full responsibility for what had happened. While Vance was en route back to Washington, he received a call from Mondale, asking him to come directly to the White House on his arrival. There Vance was told the President had decided the error would have to be publicly admitted. At 10 p.m. the White House issued a statement.

It declared that the U.S. had not changed its policy on Israel, including the controversial issue of removing the settlements. Carter's view was that "this call for dismantling was neither proper nor practical." Later, one official bitterly charged, "The only reason he backed down was to lower the political heat."

Perhaps the most troubling failure in the President's peculiar performance was his inability to foresee the impact of his renunciation of the vote. Both diplomatically abroad and politically at home, the reversal appeared far worse than if he had just swallowed hard and ridden out whatever heat the vote had generated. Instead, neither Israel nor American Jews were mollified by the turnabout, the Arab world was outraged, and the President had given new life to all the old "flip-flop" charges. Unfairly but perhaps understandably, a senior European diplomat asked: "He is the man with the finger on the nuclear button. What if he pushes it, then changes his mind?" ■

Barrage of Buzz Words

United Nations Security Council Resolution 465, on Israeli settlements in the occupied territories, might not strike the casual reader as an inflammatory document. Yet in the arcane world of diplomacy, its language is unusually severe. It "strongly deplores" the settlements, calls them "a flagrant violation" of the Fourth Geneva Convention and cites "the grave consequences" that this Israeli policy may have on attempts to negotiate a permanent peace in the Middle East. The resolution is also rife with politics-laden buzz words to which Israeli officials and their American-Jewish supporters are particularly sensitive.

Most provocatively, the text refers seven times to "Jerusalem," six times linking the city with the West Bank, the Gaza Strip and the Golan Heights. Three times in the preamble, and three times in its key operative paragraphs, it uses some variation of the phrase "Arab territories occupied by Israel since 1967, including Jerusalem."

The main punch is in paragraphs six and seven. The sixth paragraph "calls upon the Government and people of Israel to . . . dismantle the existing settlements and in particular to cease, on an urgent basis, the establishment, construction and planning of settlements in the Arab territories occupied since 1967, including Jerusalem." The seventh paragraph "Calls upon all States not to provide Israel with any assistance to be used specifically in connection with settlements in the occupied territories."

In two instances, the resolution also refers to "the Palestinian and other Arab territories." The Israelis object to the wording, since it seems to prejudge a crucial question still to be decided by the parties involved in Middle East negotiations—just which territories can be considered as belonging to the Palestinians?

The only paragraph that was finally deleted from the resolution, at U.S. insistence, was one demanding that Israel "respect and guarantee religious freedoms and practices in Jerusalem and other holy places in the occupied Arab territories as well as the integrity of places of religious worship." In fact, Israel's observance of these guarantees has been so scrupulous as to defy criticism by truly neutral observers.

REININGER—CONTACT

Jerusalem, a city in controversy

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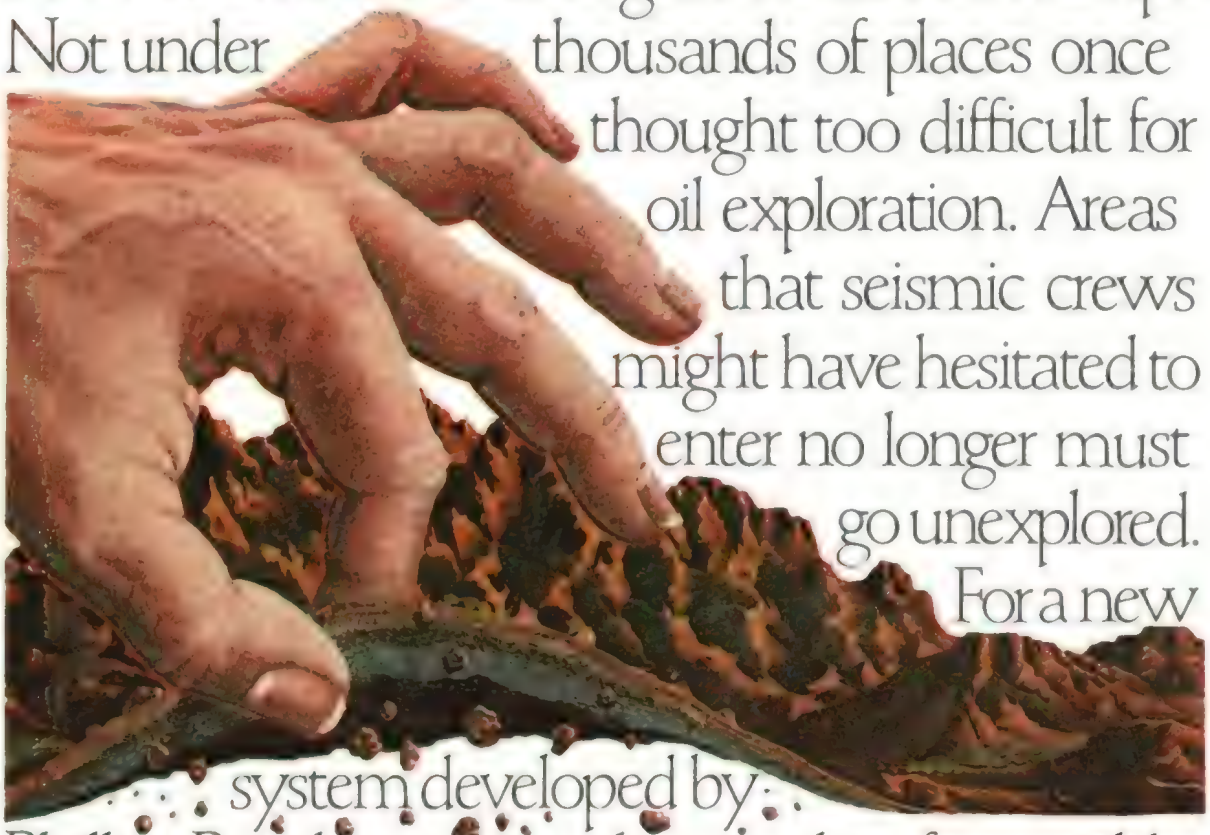

Strains in the Alliance

West Europe is disturbed by U.S. unpredictability

After Israel and the Arab states, no nations were more dismayed by the Administration's mishandling of the U.N. vote than America's West European allies. Reason: there had already been strains in the alliance over the issue of how to answer Moscow's new threat in Central Asia. The Carter Administration feels that France in particular, and West Germany to a lesser degree, have been somewhat laggard in their response to the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. In addition, Washington is concerned about a proposed West European initiative in the Security Council that could lead to a resolution on Palestinian self-determination. Such a move, American policymakers fear, could upset the Egyptian-Israeli negotiations on autonomy for the West Bank and Gaza.

The West Europeans, for their part, have become increasingly unnerved by Carter's unpredictable and seemingly capricious approach to foreign policy. Although fully briefed on the U.S.'s proposed response to the Soviet invasion, the West Germans were stung by the President's handling of the Olympic boycott. Administration officials had first told West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt that a boycott was not being considered. Carter changed his mind, and Bonn was given only two hours' notice before the boycott was announced. Said a West German diplomat of last week's Security Council debacle: "The U.N. flip-flop is just one more piece of evidence to support Schmidt's contention that West Europeans must look out for themselves, and protect themselves as much as possible against the effect of these Carter fiascoes."

Schmidt and French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing share Washington's view that the Soviets must withdraw their troops from Afghanistan. The two leaders also believe that Carter overreacted to the invasion, largely because of domestic political considerations. Bonn has tried to play down the transatlantic differences, stressing that they involve approach rather than objectives. Nonetheless, the result has been a closer relationship between Bonn and Paris, culminating in the Schmidt-Giscard summit in the French capital last month. As a Bonn official put it, both men "felt strongly that they had to protect Western Europe's interests." Said a French diplomat in West Germany: "The Soviets horribly miscalculated in Afghanistan. Carter reacted too rashly. Schmidt and Giscard are the fellows who are trying to keep a cool head."

During three hours of intense and candid talks last week, Schmidt and Carter—whose policy conflicts are made worse by their personality differences—tried to iron out their problems. Schmidt reassured Carter that Bonn will not undercut the U.S. grain embargo of the Soviet Union. Moreover, West Germany is ready to tighten its list of strategic goods prohibited for export to Communist countries, provided other alliance nations go along. As for the Olympics, Schmidt pledged that "we will do what our allies do." But he said he would not announce his decision until May 24, the registration deadline, on the off chance that the Soviets "might create conditions for the games to be conducted"—namely, by withdrawing from Afghanistan. Schmidt also argued that the U.S. is being far too confrontational in its responses and should show more flexibility.

France's Giscard with Emir of Kuwait

Trying to keep a cool head.

Giscard, meanwhile, seized the opportunity of a ten-day trip to Kuwait, the Emirates of the Persian Gulf, and Jordan to get out in front on the Palestinian issue. In a joint French-Kuwaiti communiqué, Giscard for the first time officially endorsed "self-determination" as a Palestinian right—a code word for an independent state of Palestine. He later added that any new negotiations should include the Palestine Liberation Organization. The Giscard government, a spokesman explained, believes that the Egyptian-Israeli negotiations on autonomy for the Palestinians on the Israeli-occupied West Bank are at an impasse. The Paris hope is that the communiqué could serve as the basis for an alternative approach to Middle East peace talks, looking beyond the Camp David formula. Specifically, the French are considering a Europe-sponsored supplement to U.N. Resolution 242, which says that all countries in the Middle East have a right to exist in peace, but refers to the Palestinians only as refugees. Explained a French official: "If there were a vacuum at the moment when Camp David failed, the Arab world might have no choice but to fall into the Soviet camp. We think that they should not be forced to choose between the superpowers."

The British, who first proposed the 242 supplement, were angered at Giscard's decision to jump the gun on the Palestinian issue, but they support the supplement in substance. Says a senior British official: "The Palestinian situation cannot be allowed to fester for the rest of this year just because it's election time in the U.S." The Thatcher government is proud of its loyal support for the U.S. on Afghanistan, and thus was angered at American criticism of Foreign Minister Lord Carrington's initiative on both the Palestinian settlement and a neutralized Afghanistan.

Their neutralization proposal, Thatcher and Carrington contend, would test the Soviet claim that the invasion was purely a security measure. Explained a Carrington aide: "If the Russians said yes to a genuinely neutralized Afghanistan, that would be a big plus for the security of Southwest Asia and the oil-producing gulf. If they say no, they stand condemned before the whole world."

■ ■ ■

Another ally, Canada, was being badmouthed by some Administration officials in Washington last week for a 2 million-metric-ton grain sale to the Soviet Union. It was a bum rap. The sale was actually negotiated by the Canadian Wheat Board in consultation with the outgoing government of Tory Prime Minister Joe Clark, and announced several days before Pierre Trudeau's Liberal government took over. Officials in Ottawa pointed out that the sale was well within traditional limits and thus conforms to the policy that Canada has pledged to follow: refusing to take advantage of the embargo by filling shortfalls in U.S. shipments. ■

Lord Soames, the British Governor

Former Prime Minister Smith (above) and the military commander, Lieut. General Walls

ZIMBABWE RHODESIA

Mugabe Takes Charge

But the revolutionary talks of reconciliation

The tension hung heavy over Zimbabwe Rhodesia early last week, almost as if the bloody seven-year civil war were still raging. In Salisbury, armored personnel carriers rolled through the streets and clusters of armed Rhodesian soldiers gathered nervously on the corners as helicopter gunships swooped low over the city. Out in the bush, at the Alpha cease-fire camp, Sergeant Roy Rowley of the Rhodesian African Rifles noted grimly: "Now I know what it's like to be waiting for the end of the world."

For many of the 212,000 white citizens of the breakaway British colony, the election results announced last week indeed marked the end of their world. Robert Gabriel Mugabe, 56, the implacable, ascetic revolutionary and guerrilla leader, had won by a landslide. In three days of balloting for 80 black seats in the 100-member House of Assembly, Mugabe's Zimbabwe African National Union (ZANU) had swept up 57 seats and 63% of the popular vote. Mugabe thereby became the first revolutionary elected by popular vote in Africa's postcolonial history. Lord Soames, the British-appointed Governor, immediately asked him to form a government as Prime Minister–designate. The news sent thousands of jubilant blacks streaming into the streets, singing, dancing, crowing and wildly flapping their arms in emulation of *Jongwe* —the Shona word for Mugabe's campaign symbol, a rooster.

But there was little rejoicing among the whites. For them, Mugabe's victory marked the end of nine decades of privilege and dominion, dating back to the arrival of Cecil Rhodes and the British pioneers in the 1890s. Said a Salisbury secretary: "How can we accept what we have fought against for so long?" Some white Rhodesians talked bitterly of "gapping it"—their Rugby-derived term for emigrating.

Belying his image among whites as a fanatical Marxist, Mugabe issued an eloquent call for peace and reconciliation in his first address to the nation. "It is time to beat our swords into plowshares," he declared. "There is room for everyone in a new society. Today, white or black, we are all Zimbabweans." Mugabe pledged not to impose any sweeping nationalization of private property and promised to bring members of other parties into a broad-based government.

One of his initial moves was to reforge his old links with Joshua Nkomo, 62, his former co-leader in the Patriotic Front guerrilla alliance. Running on a separate platform, the bulky, jovial Nkomo had won only 20 seats, mostly in his Matabele tribal stronghold. He accepted Mugabe's invitation to join forces with him in a "national front" coalition. Nkomo was reportedly offered Zimbabwe's figurehead presidency, but he may hold out for a Cabinet post.

Mugabe next held out the olive branch to former Prime Minister Ian Smith's Rhodesian Front, which had won all 20 of the white parliamentary seats in separate elections last month. Smith, who illegally declared Rhodesia independent in 1965 to avoid majority rule, responded by urging fellow whites to stay and support the new regime. Though a portfolio seemed unlikely for Smith, Mugabe reportedly wanted to include some whites in his Cabinet. One probable candidate: the present Finance Minister David Smith, a politically moderate technocrat.

One vitally important white official who immediately announced his support of the new regime was Lieut. General Peter Walls, 53, who led Rhodesia's bloody seven-year war against the guerrillas. At Mugabe's request, Walls agreed to retain the supreme military command and preside over the integration of Rhodesian forces with the guerrillas in the new national army.

Almost completely out of keeping with the conciliatory public mood was the bitter reaction of Bishop Abel T. Muzorewa, who won only three seats despite an active and well-financed campaign. (Candidates of the other six black parties were shut out completely.) Favored by the whites because of his moderate politics, the Methodist prelate had become Rhodesia's first black Prime Minister last June after he won 51 of the 72 black seats in "internal" elections boycotted by the guerrillas. Last week's vote, he declared in an emotional press conference, had been "absolutely unfree and unfair" because of intimidation by Mugabe supporters.

Most of the official and unofficial foreign observers, including British Election Commissioner Sir John Boynton, concluded that the elections had been surprisingly free and fair. That judgment was shared by the Presidents of the so-called frontline African states (Zambia, Mozambique, Botswana, Angola, Tanzania), who gave the guerrillas crucial support during the war. Tanzania's President Julius Nyerere had earlier suggested that the British had rigged the vote in favor of Muzorewa. Celebrating Mugabe's victory with a champagne toast, Nyerere declared: "This is not the first time I have been proved wrong, and it is not the first time I'm very pleased that I'm wrong."

Signs of a ZANU victory were visible from the first day of the voting. About

The Prime Minister-designate addresses the nation: "There must be no losers. Today, white or black, we are all Zimbabweans."

64% of the 2.9 million eligible blacks voted in last year's internal election; this time, with the guerrilla leaders participating, the turnout was an astounding 93%. The long election lines at polling stations were filled with proud, determined voters whose sentiments were not hard to guess. "They have walked miles to come here," said a Rhodesian voting officer in one midlands village. "They're all ages, disabled, crippled, blind. They say straight away who they want."

To some degree, the blacks were voting for a cause and a symbol rather than a candidate. Mugabe has little personal magnetism. He lacks the easy humor and earthiness of Nkomo, and seems temperamentally unsuited to the rough and tumble of African politics. His personal regimen is ascetic: he sleeps only three or four hours a night, does a daily 45-minute workout of yoga and calisthenics, eats monastically light meals, neither smokes nor drinks. Shy and contemplative, he is not a rousing platform speaker, and in fact did less active campaigning than any other major candidate.

Tribal factors had much to do with his victory. Mugabe, like Muzorewa, is a member of the dominant Shona, who make up about 80% of the black population. But Muzorewa was so discredited by his association with the whites and his failure to deliver on campaign promises that most of the Shonas voted for Mugabe. Another reason for his success: Mugabe's guerrillas did the brunt of the fighting that, in the eyes of most Africans, forced the whites to accept majority rule.

Mugabe's victory was the climax of 20 years of struggle in the nationalist movement. The son of a poor laborer, he was born in the village of Kutama, just west of Salisbury, and educated in Roman Catholic mission schools. After earning degrees from two South African universities, he began his career as a schoolteacher, but ultimately immersed himself in Rhodesian nationalist politics

Singing, dancing and crowing in the streets of Salisbury, jubilant ZANU supporters celebrate their leader's landslide victory

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during the 1960s. He was repeatedly arrested for his political activities and spent, all told, more than a decade in jail; as a prisoner, he completed three more university degrees by correspondence.

Released in 1974, Mugabe went into exile in Mozambique. There, harbored by Marxist President Samora Machel and armed largely by Peking, he organized his Zimbabwe African National Liberation Army (ZANLA) and launched a full-scale guerrilla war against the Smith regime.

In October 1976, Mugabe formed the Patriotic Front alliance with Nkomo, whose smaller, Soviet-armed Zimbabwe People's Revolutionary Army (ZIPRA) was operating out of bases in Zambia. Last fall, the Patriotic Front co-leaders met with representatives of the biracial Muzorewa government for an all-parties peace conference at London's Lancaster House. Chaired by British Foreign Secretary Lord Carrington, the 15-week talks produced a majority-rule constitution, a cease-fire accord and a transitional plan that temporarily returned the country to British colonial rule.

Despite his revolutionary ideology, Mugabe said he would conduct a nonaligned foreign policy. He indicated that Zimbabwe would seek membership in the Commonwealth after the country becomes formally independent (probably next month). He also promised not to harbor or arm South African nationalist guerrillas. Pretoria accepted the election results, but leaders of its apartheid government could not hide their misgivings over the inspiration that Mugabe's victory may give to South Africa's black nationalists.

In an interview with TIME *(see box)*, Mugabe also vowed not to disrupt the potentially prosperous capitalist economy he will inherit. Many local businessmen feel that the coming of peace and stable government could spark an unprecedented boom in Zimbabwe. With the country's main agricultural, mining and manufacturing industries freed from the shackles of the international sanctions imposed after the unilateral declaration of independence, economists expect a 3% rise in the gross domestic product this year and a 15% increase in exports.

For that to happen, Mugabe must win the confidence of the whites, whose capital and know-how will remain essential to Zimbabwe's economy for years to come. Yet as a nationalist leader with an avowed commitment to socialism, he must also begin to satisfy black demands for a greater share of the national wealth. In addition, he may soon face mounting pressures for radical change from impa-

"We Are Socialist"

The living room of Prime Minister–designate Robert Mugabe's new home in suburban Salisbury is filled with the furnishings of its former owner, a white businessman. A nondrinker, Mugabe is oblivious to his surroundings, which incongruously include a massive cocktail bar. Instead, his attention is consumed with his dream for a socialist Zimbabwe. In the only interview he has given to an American publication since his election, Mugabe discussed his plans for the future of his country with TIME *Johannesburg Bureau Chief William McWhirter. The meeting was interrupted just once, when a diplomatic emissary entered the room to deliver a personal letter from President Carter. Excerpts from the interview:*

On socialism: We are socialist. We will espouse socialist principles, but our principles must take cognizance of the realities of our country—the history, traditions and particular circumstances in which we find ourselves. The country is based on free enterprise and is therefore capitalistic. We have to accept that we will not bring about an immediate disruption of the economy; we can work in gradual phases until we get to our goal. In the civil service, of course, racialism will have to go. But it would be a very foolish man who would immediately take over and overthrow the system.

On democracy: We want people to participate in shaping their own lives at various levels, especially in the countryside. The workers there will be established into various committees which have a management role. That's what we envisage. I refuse to borrow political models. The principles —yes, the principles that people must finally be their own masters, share the ownership of their resources, peasants being well organized into collective units . . . These are principles from the experiences of others, like China, Yugoslavia, Rumania. I don't want regimentation. I just wouldn't like that. I feel revulsed by dictatorship personally, whether it is done by individuals or by states. People have got to have the democratic right to make their decisions even if they don't want to be collectivized.

On Marxism: There are certain principles we have that derive from Marxism. But others derive from our own traditions, communal land ownership, for example. The Marxists believe in it, but I don't think the Nigerians, who have nationalized their land, are Marxist in any way.

On the constitution: We are prepared to work under a parliamentary democracy, as accepted by us in the Lancaster House Agreement. Even though we have the power with the Patriotic Front coalition, I don't think we would want to make any major amendments. I think we want to try the constitution as it exists and see how it works. True, we had our reservations about certain clauses, but it is only fair that we give the constitution a fair trial.

On martial law: Curfews must go; they are unnecessary now. The war has come to an end. We are a country at peace. We don't need martial law. We don't need unnecessary political arrests. Those who have been arrested must now be released. We are beginning a completely new chapter with the hope that there will not be any victimization of anybody for political reasons. We will allow as much freedom of political organization as possible. Why shouldn't opposition parties continue to campaign as they campaigned during the elections?

On disarming the whites: There must be disarmament of everybody, not only the whites. There are many guns around, and we want to remove them. We want this to be achieved in as short a period as possible. The people now have the power, so I don't see any reason why they should have these individual firearms. If we want them to be armed, we will arm them properly.

On South Africa: What the blacks in South Africa decide to do is entirely their own affair. If they decide to wage an armed struggle, we wish them well. It's not our business either to send our men there with arms to fight on the side of the liberators, or to move directly in some other form to support that armed struggle. We can denounce apartheid in the forums of the United Nations and the nonaligned movement, but we wouldn't regard it as our direct responsibility to overthrow the South African government. South Africa is a different proposition from Rhodesia, where a group of settlers revolted against their queen and then also revolted against the general will of the people. South Africa consolidated itself on the basis of an independence it was granted [by Britain] in 1910. What is required now is not to question the right of independence of South Africa, but the system that is responsible for the oppression going on down there. South Africa is not a colonial problem like ours.

tient hard-liners within his own party, who are anxious to reap the immediate benefits of their newly won power.

One immediate test of Mugabe's leadership will be the success of efforts to integrate the guerrillas and the white-led Rhodesian military forces into a single army. The guerrillas have already begun intensive training programs with Rhodesian and British instructors. The initial results were encouraging. At Papa Base, the largest of the cease-fire assembly points for Nkomo's forces, Commander Todd Msipa told TIME Johannesburg Bureau Chief William McWhirter: "If our orders are to work with the Rhodesians, we can do it, just like we killed under orders." The instructors, for their part, have been generally enthusiastic over the military potential of the new recruits. At Rathgar Camp, where drilling troops were raising clouds of dust on the parade ground, a British officer remarked, with unconscious irony, "These guys have a natural talent for marching. Give me one week with these blokes and they'll be great."

At Alpha Camp the night before the election results were announced, a group of ZANLA guerrilla leaders and Rhodesian officers sat together on camp beds, sipping Rhodesian Burgundy from cracked coffee cups, trading jokes and war tales. Said Lieut. John Steele, the Rhodesian base commander: "This has not happened before. I think we have made a promising beginning." The next morning, the raggedly dressed ZANLA men formed up into perfect ranks as Comrade Morgan, a senior guerrilla officer, strode back and forth before them. "ZANLA has won the elections," he barked. "But no one is allowed to boast because he was a freedom fighter. Our revolution is a national revolution, for all races, whites, blacks and Asians. We will cooperate with the security forces and forget all our past differences." Then Steele, with some strain showing in his face, told the new recruits: "Mugabe is our leader now. We are all fighting for one government." Behind him a ZANLA man sang the opening bars of the guerrillas' Zimbabwe national anthem and the blacks broke into a traditional Shona dance of celebration.

On a grassy hill near the southwestern town of Bulawayo lies the tomb of Cecil Rhodes, the English diamond millionaire who took the white man's burden to southern Africa and founded the colony that bore his name. Rhodes, even with his ambitious vision, could never have contemplated a black-ruled Rhodesia with a Shona tribesman at its head. Yet the two leaders had at least one thing in common: each had an almost mystical belief that his personal destiny was intertwined with that of this hauntingly beautiful country. As Robert Mugabe took on the burden of governing and rebuilding that war-torn land last week, he might well have repeated the founder's dying words: "So little done, so much to do." ■

FRANCE

Nuclear Ransom

A chiller about blackmail

Dec. 13. A package containing specifications for the construction of a hydrogen bomb has just been delivered to the White House, together with a cassette-recorded message from Libyan President Muammar Gaddafi. With rising horror, the mansion's current resident, a decent but untested Southerner, listens to the ultimatum on the tape: If the U.S. does not make Israel withdraw from the occupied West Bank and East Jerusalem within 36 hours, a nuclear device concealed in New York City will be detonated by satellite command.

Authors Dominique Lapierre and Larry Collins

A doomsday threat in "research-fiction."

The scene, of course, is fiction. No portable nuclear bomb awaited triggering; President Gaddafi, for all his Israelophobia, had taped no such doomsday threat. Yet for thousands of French readers the scenario seems icily plausible. *The Fifth Horseman* is France's hottest bestseller this winter only four weeks after publication. (The book will be published in the U.S. by Simon & Schuster in July.) Co-Authors Larry Collins and Dominique Lapierre (*Is Paris Burning?, O Jerusalem*) have so convincingly interwoven fact and fiction that the details of civilization's vulnerability to nuclear blackmail appear totally realistic.

Collins, 50, an American and a former *Newsweek* bureau chief in Paris, and Frenchman Lapierre, 48, a former editor at *Paris-Match*, spent four years interviewing and researching for the book on five continents, producing what they call "research-fiction." In the process, they talked with U.S. nuclear scientists at Los Alamos, civil defense experts in New York, Arab students in Europe and North Africa, and Israeli generals, not to mention a brace of agents from the CIA, Israel's Mossad and the S.D.E.C.E., the French secret service.

They even hired a former police officer to introduce them to the gamy underworld of New York pickpockets and ID-card fixers. Gaddafi was selected as the fictional blackmailer, explains Lapierre, "because he was not susceptible to [U.S.] reprisals, having such a small population and all that sand."

Its wealth of factual information gives the book the air more of crackling investigative journalism than of fast-moving fiction. Virtually all the international figures in *The Fifth Horseman*—the important exception being the U.S. President—are identified and living people. Israeli Premier Menachem Begin's daughter Hassia plays the piano in the family's Jerusalem apartment; France's President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing has a secret meeting with his top aides to discuss energy matters.

But the most hair-raising detail is the revelation that there have actually been more than 50 attempts at nuclear blackmail in the U.S.; that figure is confirmed by Washington officials, although they note that all were hoaxes or extortion attempts and that no nuclear device was ever involved. The authors claim that one of the blackmail ploys, supposedly hatched by Palestinians, forced President Gerald Ford in the spring of 1974 to consider the evacuation of Boston. Officials in Boston and Washington admit that Ford did know of such a threat, but that they never could identify who was behind it. No evacuation was ever considered.

Just as well. The Collins and Lapierre research indicates that civil defense contingency plans for evacuating 11 million people from the New York metropolitan area are laughable. During an inventory of the city's 1950s-era nuclear fallout shelters, it was discovered that millions of tins of biscuits, part of emergency food supplies, had been shipped to Nicaragua in 1972 after a severe earthquake there. Dope addicts had rifled painkilling narcotics from first-aid kits.

The authors hope their description of how easily a nuclear blackmail attempt can be brought off will, as Lapierre says, "alert some heads of state to the dangers of nuclear proliferation." Among the intended targets of the warning is Lapierre's own France, which canceled a nuclear reactor sale to Pakistan only under heavy and persistent U.S. pressure. Said Lapierre last week: "The attitude of the French government influenced us to some degree to write the book." ■

Mazda for 1980. Just one look is all it takes.

Just one look is all it takes to appreciate the exceptional value of the Mazda RX-7 vs. Datsun 280ZX or Porsche 924.

As remarkable as the Mazda RX-7 is on its own, it looks all the better when compared with the competition. Because the sleek, aerodynamic RX-7 is virtually everything you could want in a refined sports car—at an almost unbelievable price.

It can reach 0-50 in 6.3 seconds. Its inherently compact rotary engine is placed behind the front axle, for ideal weight distribution and superb handling.

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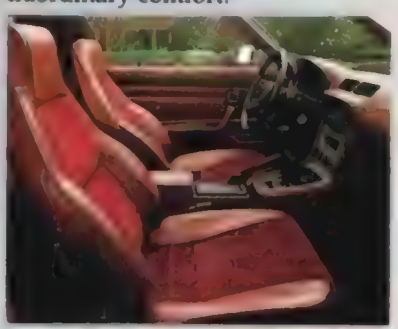
The smoothness of the rotary engine makes the RX-7 a quiet sports car. All this performance from a car that can attain excellent gas mileage on the open road.

17 EST. mpg **28** EST.** hwy mpg

But the front mid-engine RX-7 offers infinitely more than performance. It also provides extraordinary comfort.



So if you know what you want in a sports car, and you don't want to pay a king's ransom to get it, look at the RX-7 GS or S Model.

You're also going to like the looks of RX-7 GS standard features.

• AM/FM stereo radio • 5-speed • Steel-belted radial tires • Front and rear stabilizer bars • Ventilated front disc and finned rear drum brakes with power assist • Electric remote hatch release • Tinted glass • Side-window demisters • Tachometer • Cut-pile carpeting. 3-speed automatic transmission, air conditioning, aluminum wheels and sunroof available as options.

**EPA estimates for comparison purposes for GS Model with 5-speed transmission. The mileage you get may vary depending on how fast you drive, the weather, and trip length. The actual highway mileage will probably be less. California, 16 estimated mpg, 27 estimated highway mpg.

Mazda's rotary engine licensed by NSU-WANKEL.

626 Sport Coupe $5995*

Just one look is all it takes to know the incredible value of the 1980 Mazda 626 vs. Celica, Accord or Scirocco.

The Mazda 626. It has it all. Extraordinary performance, fine craftsmanship, high fuel efficiency and clean, aerodynamic styling.

The 626's engineering refinements are many. And extremely well thought out. The 626 is a very quick (0-50 in 9.8 seconds), highly maneuverable automobile.

24 EST. mpg 33 EST. hwy mpg**

Both the 626 Sport Coupe and Sport Sedan offer creature comforts and conveniences found on much more expensive cars. And the 626 provides a generous amount of interior room and luggage capacity.

In short, you do owe it to yourself to look at a Mazda 626 before you buy any sport coupe or sport sedan. And the more you look, the more you like.

A short look at the Mazda 626's long list of standard features.

• 2.0 litre overhead cam 4-cylinder engine • Power-assisted front disc brakes • Steel-belted radial tires • 5-speed overdrive transmission (3-speed automatic optional) • AM/ FM stereo radio • 60/40 split fold-down rear seat back • Driver's reclining bucket seat with adjustable lumbar support • Electric remote trunk lid release • Front stabilizer bar • Tinted glass • Rear window defroster • Reminder chime for headlights left on • Visor vanity mirror • Heater duct for rear-seat passengers. Sport Coupe only–Rear stabilizer bar • Electronic check panel • Tachometer • Electric remote control for door mirror.

*Manufacturer's suggested retail prices RX-7, 5-Door GLC Custom, B2000 Sundowner slightly higher in California. Actual prices established by dealers. Taxes, license, freight, optional equipment and any other dealer charges are extra. Wide alloy wheels shown extra: 626 Coupe $340. RX-7 $275-$295. All prices subject to change without notice

626 Sport Sedan $5695*

Just one look is all it takes to see the great value of the 1980 Mazda GLC vs. Rabbit, Chevette or Civic.

The Mazda GLC. One look at the price after one look at the car is enough to change how you look at any economy car. You may find yourself measuring other cars in GLC's class by GLC standards.

The new 3-door GLC Custom hatchback comes with features you'd think cost extra. Which is no surprise, really, because the GLC is an uncommon economy car.

29 EST. mpg 39 EST. hwy mpg**

The whole idea of the GLC, you see, is that it refuses to sacrifice one quality for another. It blends great fuel economy with great versatility, superior performance and clean design.

So if buying an economy car makes sense to you, doesn't it make even more sense to get the most economy car for your money? Take a look at the Mazda GLC family today—3-door Hatchback, 5-door Hatchback, Wagon and Sport.

The more you look at GLC Custom standard features, the more value you see.

• Reclining front bucket seats • Versatile split fold-down rear seat that accommodates people, or packages, or both • Tinted glass • Power-assisted front disc brakes • White-line tires • 1.4 litre overhead cam 4-cylinder engine • Electric rear-window defroster • Woodgrain instrument panel. Options on GLC Custom include 5-speed (standard on 5-door Hatchback in California), 3-speed automatic and Convenience Group.

**EPA estimates for comparison purposes. The mileage you get may vary depending on how fast you drive, the weather, and trip length. The actual highway mileage will probably be less. GLC estimates apply to all GLC models with 4-speed transmission. GLC Sport with 5-speed, 30 estimated mpg, 42 estimated highway mpg.

Just one look is all it takes to realize the remarkable value of the 1980 Mazda B2000 Sundowner vs. Toyota SR5 or Datsun King Cab.

For the money, this Mazda B2000 Sundowner is one incredible truck. Because of what you get for the money.

Here's a truck that doesn't drink much gas, but performs like a real winner. One that's built beefy and tough on the outside, but surrounds you with luxury on the inside. One that's got a 5-speed and a seven-foot long bed.

27 EST. mpg 37 EST. hwy mpg**

Sundowner gives you a whole lot more than just the things you naturally expect of a truck. (Like the room and ruggedness to haul cargo around.) A whole lot of truck for not a whole lot of money.

B2000 Sundowner standard features. Lookin' good.

• White-line tires • Cut-pile carpeting • Tinted glass • Deluxe deep-foam bench seat • Woodgrain instrument panel and door trim • Vent windows • White spoker wheel covers • Sporty Sundowner stripes • 2.0 litre 4-cylinder OHC engine • Independent double-wishbone front suspension with coil springs • Semi-elliptic rear leaf springs plus four double-acting shocks • Recirculating ball-and-nut type steering • Power-assisted front disc brakes • Center-lift tailgate release • Day/night rear-view mirror.

**EPA estimates for comparison purposes. The mileage you get may vary depending on how fast you drive, the weather, and trip length. The actual highway mileage will probably be less. California, 26 estimated mpg, 35 estimated highway mpg.

mazda

The more you look, the more you like.

Writers' Rights and Wrongs

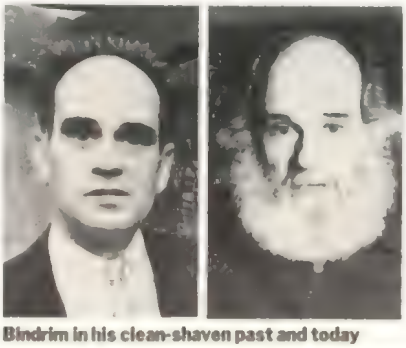
A publishing house throws the book at one of its authors

It was bad enough when California courts ordered Novelist Gwen Davis and her publisher, Doubleday, to pay $75,000 last April to Hollywood Psychologist Paul Bindrim. He said he was defamed by *Touching*, Davis' 1971 novel involving an encounter group whose gig is communal nudity in warm pools. Now Davis, 45, feels doubly wronged: Doubleday has sued her for some $138,000, which includes legal costs, the money Bindrim won and interest. Several authors' groups and a number of writers, among them Irving Wallace, Gore Vidal and Joan Didion, have criticized the publisher for turning on one of its authors.

Novelist Gwen Davis

Davis contracted with Doubleday in 1969 to write a novel about two women who, in search of something missing in their lives, attend a "nude encounter workshop." As part of her research, Davis spent 20 hours at the Los Angeles center where Bindrim pioneered the "nude marathon," a therapy in which participants strip naked to gather in a pool, where they spend long periods talking and touching. Bindrim, 59, describes this as a way to teach people "how to be more open toward one another and to relate in a more authentic and satisfying manner." When Davis' book appeared, a central figure in it was Simon Herford, a pudgy, sadistic California psychologist with a Ph.D., described as "singularly Santa Clausy looking," with long white hair and sideburns. In 1971 Bindrim sued Davis and Doubleday, claiming that the supposedly fictional Herford was obviously he, and that the book's unsavory portrait was libelous.

When he arrived for the trial, the once clean-shaven Bindrim was sporting a full white beard and a recently acquired Ph.D. He produced tape recordings of the sessions that Davis attended; many of Bindrim's remarks appeared nearly verbatim in *Touching*. Bindrim was awarded $75,000 —$50,000 to be paid jointly by Davis and Doubleday — plus $25,000 in penalties to be footed by the publisher alone. Last December, the U.S. Supreme Court declined to review the California decision, thus letting it stand.



Bindrim in his clean-shaven past and today

Strictly speaking, the California ruling need not have broad implications for writers and publishers, since it came only from a lower state court and thus sets no precedent that courts elsewhere must follow. Nonetheless, many authors and publishers are understandably worried that it could spur similar suits involving other works of fiction, which in the past have rarely been the targets of libel actions. The Supreme Court's decision to let the ruling stand, argues Vidal, is thus in effect "a hunting license, a declaration of open season on almost any sort of novelist."

Writers are also riled by Doubleday's suit against Davis. Like most such agreements, her contract for *Touching* contains an indemnity clause entitling Doubleday to recover costs it may have to bear as a result of a libel suit. But publishers, including Doubleday, have rarely invoked this clause. This time, however, Doubleday felt Davis had not leveled with her editor on the potential for trouble. The clause has to be invoked sometimes, reasons a publishing house attorney, because "otherwise publishers would be at the total mercy of someone who walks in and presents a manuscript."

Perhaps. But authors also worry, with cause, that Doubleday's move reflects an erosion in the traditionally close relationship between publishers and authors. Bernard Malamud, president of American P.E.N., a writers' group, says that "P.E.N. hopes Doubleday will drop its suit. To go on with it implies approval of the disastrous effects of the court decision against the art of fiction and against the community of writers and publishers." Typically, as Thomas Thompson puts it, that community has in effect been "a partnership: the publishing house and the author get in bed to make money." But that is changing, largely because of the pressure of the huge sums involved in mass market publishing, in megabuck advances paid to writers for works that may generate millions in serializations and other spin-offs.

Satirist Kurt Vonnegut argues that in any case it is "quite hypocritical" for publishers to invoke the indemnity clause since they have encouraged writers to produce manuscripts where the lines between fiction and nonfiction blur. This genre has included many big sellers, among them Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood*, Norman Mailer's *The Executioner's Song* and Tom Wolfe's *The Right Stuff*.

Many writers and publishers believe that a way must be found to modify the indemnity clause so that it continues to place primary responsibility for accuracy on authors but does not impose intolerable financial burdens on them when libel suits are filed. For the moment, however, about all that the parties on both sides of the typewriter can agree on is that, as Writer Gay Talese says, "lawyers have become the third force in publishing." He adds: "I see them as the new enemy." ■

State Secrets

How to keep them

Federal officials intent on shielding records from journalists, biographers and other inquirers may have hit upon a very simple way: remove the files from the agency involved before anyone seeks access under the Freedom of Information Act (FOIA). In a case involving transcripts and summaries of telephone conversations that Henry Kissinger recorded during his years in Government, the Supreme Court last week ruled 5 to 2 that the State Department had no obligation to retrieve those records for members of the public.

Two lower courts had ruled against Kissinger. They said that the records of phone conversations he made while serving as the President's National Security Adviser should remain under wraps, but that those from his 3½ years at State were within the reach of the FOIA. In December 1976, shortly before he left office, Kissinger donated these documents to the Library of Congress (which is not covered by the FOIA) under a complex deed that limits access to them until the year 2001 at the earliest. Since Kissinger's donation came before the FOIA requests were made by the Reporters Committee for Freedom of the Press and other groups, the Supreme Court concluded that State could not be said to be wrongfully "withholding" the documents. The proper remedy, said the majority, is the Federal Records Act, which allows agencies to seek retrieval of files they believe should not have been removed. State has not yet decided whether to pursue Kissinger's records.

As with last month's *Snepp* decision, which backed the CIA's right to enforce its secrecy pledge on former agents, the new ruling is likely to help Government keep a tighter lid on its secrets. ■

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People

Bob Hope and the winning girls in his search for the perfect eleven

The casting call for **Bob Hope's** NBC-TV special next week was for girls who considered themselves elevens —compared with **Bo Derek's** ten, of course. Three hundred stunners showed up for six wiggle-on parts in the show, a lighthearted *Charlie's Angels* take-off about undercover girls in the garment trade. Hope's daughter **Linda,** the special's producer, made the initial selections; her father, in sport togs and golf cap, did the final choosing. "I went through 150 girls and three pacemakers," chortled Bob, 76. Observed Linda: "For once in his life, he didn't mind being late for his golf game."

■

Trust **Barbara Walters** to ferret out a secret. Interviewing **Fred Astaire,** Walters bluntly asked Hollywood's *soigné* cinedancer whether he planned to marry Woman Jockey **Robyn Smith,** 35. Said Fred, 80: "She is a great girl." Well, had he popped the question? "Yes, sure." Would they wed soon? "I think so." What about the age difference? "I don't even think about it." Smith, once a jock for and good friend to Maryland Horseman **Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt,** 67, met Widower Astaire eight years ago while she was riding the California tracks; their feelings quickly became parimutual. Astaire wants her to keep on jockeying if they marry; rail-

Fred Astaire and Friend Robyn Smith arriving at a Hollywood party

birds may not be so keen. Smith's only other winner this season was a Santa Anita mount six weeks ago named Rock 'n Royalty.

■

George Sand never made it. Neither did **Colette** nor **Madame de Staël.** For ever since the elite 40-member Académie Française was established by **Cardinal Richelieu** in 1634 to uphold France's literary standards, it has barred its doors to women. But now the "Immortals" have voted to breach France's macho line by admitting Novelist **Marguerite Yourcenar,** 76, author of *Hadrian's Memoirs* and acclaimed translator of Henry James and Virginia Woolf. Though Yourcenar holds U.S. as well as French citizenships and has lived in Maine for 30 years, what bothered the twelve who opposed

Academician Yourcenar in Maine

her was principally her gender. Philosopher **Jean Guitton,** 78, grumbled that bringing a woman into the academy "is like putting a dove in the rabbit hutch. One inhabitant like that makes the place overpopulated." After 45 years of work, the group's current project, a definitive French dictionary, has reached the *fs*, which means that Yourcenar has arrived just in time to explain *féminisme*.

■

There's a reason why **Lynn Swann** is so deft when he dodges downfield as a wide receiver for the Pittsburgh Steelers. Swann's way was honed in dance studios, where he spent 14 years learning moves. He displays his skill on *Omnibus*, the 1950s magazine-format show that ABC is reviving this spring. In one segment, with Hoofer **Gene Kelly** beating time, Swann joins Choreographer **Twyla Tharp** and Ballet Star **Peter Martins** in a Tharp dance about a wide receiver. Said Swann after his off-the-field patterns: "My thighs hurt."

Martins, Kelly, Tharp and Swann filming "wide receiver" for *Omnibus*

That Crazy Winter Weather!

Changing winds cause deluges, droughts and misplaced snows

Even the *Old Farmer's Almanac* could not have foreseen it all. Barely a trace of snow in New England, yet mounds of it down in Dixie. Norfolk, Va., accumulated twice as much snow as Burlington, Vt., or Portland, Me., and about one-third more than Chicago. Florida too was taking its licks. In early March, temperatures plummeted below freezing, putting a squeeze on the citrus crop, and tornadoes cut across the southeast part of the state. Up North folks were trying to decide whether to pack away mufflers and mittens after spring-in-December readings of 16° C (60° F). The most startling weather occurred in California, where downpours of almost biblical proportions caused floods, mud slides and untold havoc.

This crazy-quilt winter weather was the result of erratic changes in the usual pattern of westerly winds—especially the high-altitude jet stream—that whip across the U.S. Part of a broader global feature known as the circumpolar vortex, the winds in winter usually follow a sharply undulating path round the Northern Hemisphere, like the bottom of a whirling crinoline skirt. Sweeping northeast over the Pacific, the winds pick up warmth and moisture. Heading down again from the cold north, they cause heavy rain and snowstorms from the Rockies through the heartland to New England.

Last December scientists at the National Weather Service noticed an unanticipated change in air flows. It was as if the skirt had stopped undulating: the curves in the prevailing winds flattened, and fewer chill breezes were blowing down from the north. High-level winds above the 40th parallel (near Philadelphia) were running at extra high speeds, while those to the south slackened. In effect, explains Donald Gilman, the service's chief long-range forecaster, the cold arctic air was blocked, almost as if it were being held back by a great fence, letting warmer, southern air dominate the weather. For the Northeast as well as other parts of the Northern Hemisphere, Gilman's fence meant a December of mild temperatures and little snowfall.

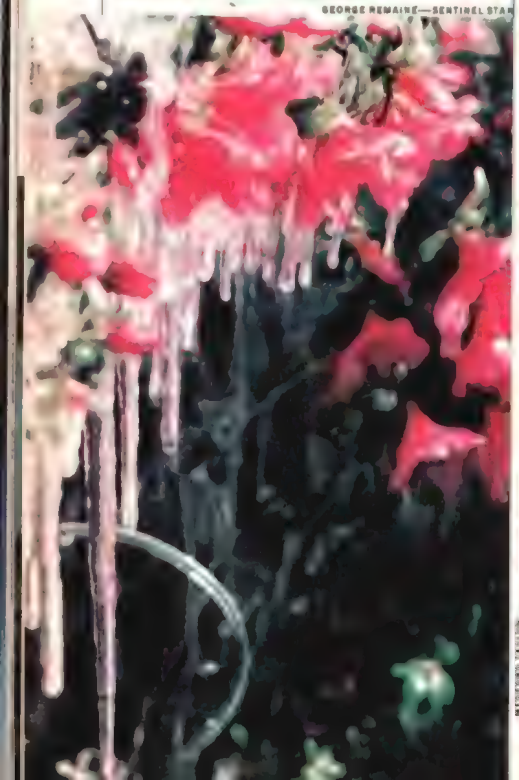
In late December meteorologists noticed another dramatic change. The upper-level westerlies south of the 35th parallel (from Southern California to North Carolina) had picked up speed while those north of it had slowed. The jet stream had edged to the south, along a path that was much less curved. Instead of sweeping north over the Pacific with a cargo of warm, moist air and dumping snow and rain on Alaska, Washington and Oregon, the westerlies now were aiming their punch directly at California. The result: Southern California was inundated for nine days by storms that brought a total of 32.39 cm (12.75 in.) of rain.

What caused the shift in winds? Meteorologist Jerome Namias of the Scripps Institution of Oceanography —who had correctly predicted a wetter-than-normal winter for California—believes that it was somehow related to an increase of 1° to 2° C (2° to 4° F) in ocean surface temperatures between California and Hawaii and unusually cold temperatures in waters in the central Pacific north of Hawaii. Though Namias cannot precisely explain the mechanism, he says that as the air passes over the water and warms up, the newly acquired heat influences the direction of the jet stream. Other scientists are not so sure. Climatologist Stephen Schneider of the National Center for Atmospheric Research in Boulder, Colo., points out that any number of factors could influence air flows, including solar flares, clouds of dust, snow on the ground and even the rising level of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere. Adds the Weather Service's Gilman: "The westerlies behave very much like the 'average' man—there are always some abnormalities."

Pondering this winter's abnormalities, meteorologists can only agree that while they are able to make accurate short-range forecasts—clear and cold today, rain tomorrow—the long haul still mystifies them (*see* ESSAY). Admits Schneider: "This business of ours is, in many ways, still more of an art than a science." After this winter, few Americans would care to argue with him. ■

Victim of tornado in Oakland Park, Fla.

CARL SEIBERT—FT. LAUDERDALE NEWS/SUN-SENTINEL



GEORGE REMAINE—SENTINEL STAR

Ice-covered azaleas in Orlando (at left); adrift in snow at Virginia Beach, Va.

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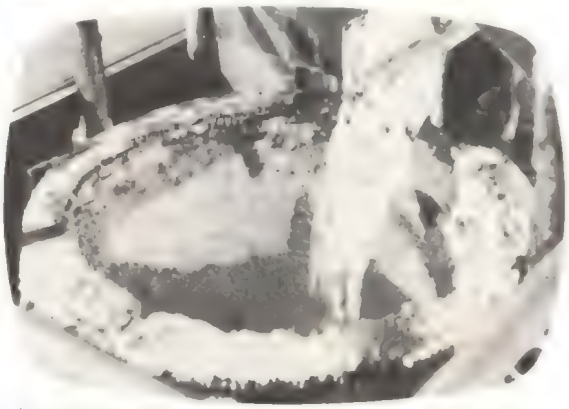
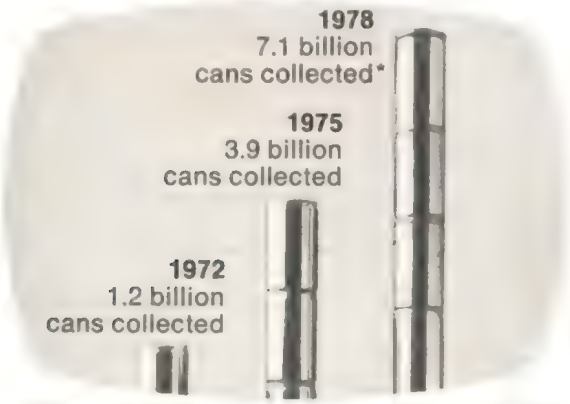


It conserves energy. Recycling saves 95 percent of the energy needed to make new aluminum from ore. In 1978, recycling also helped Alcoa reduce its consumption of coal and bauxite—both valuable natural resources.



It's growing. More and more Americans are collecting used aluminum cans. Last year alone over seven billion cans were turned in for recycling. That's almost six times as many cans as were collected in 1972.

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The King Cobra—deadly, mysterious, unpredictable—is just one of the fascinating creatures you'll meet in *Reptiles & Amphibians*, your introductory volume in the WILD, WILD WORLD OF ANIMALS library—based on the popular TV series from TIME-LIFE TELEVISION.

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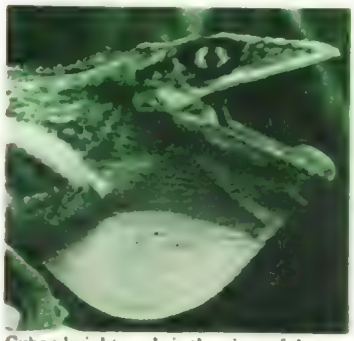

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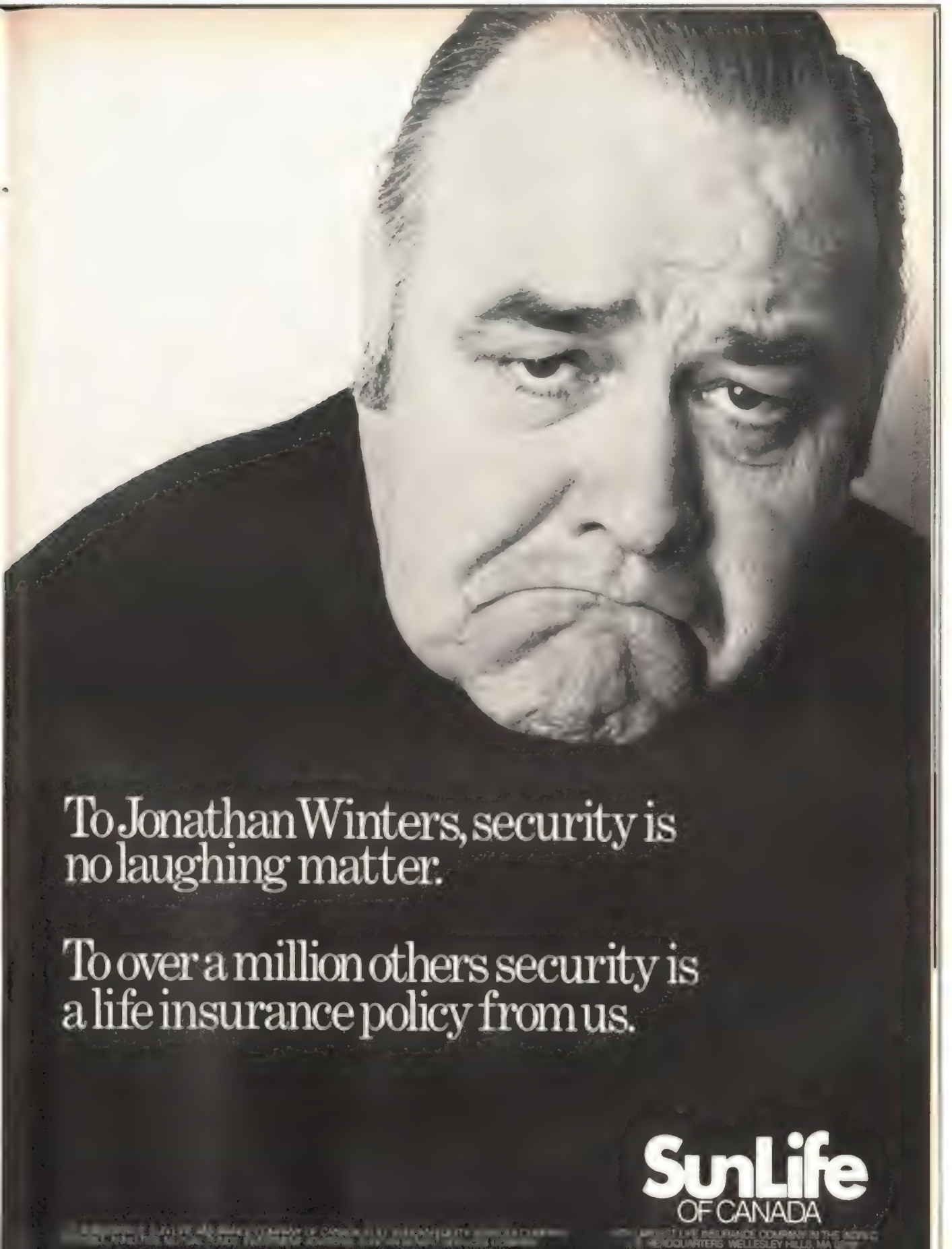
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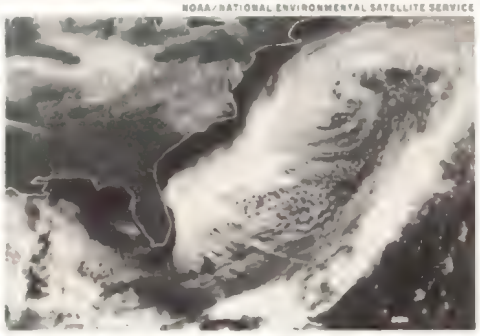
Time Essay

The Wonderful Art of Weathercasting

Americans have contemplated this *annus mirabilis* of weird weather with a special fascination. But even when the barometer is less mercurial, they pay almost abnormal attention to the weather's moods and the people who predict them. Americans have become chronic weather junkies. They monitor it the way a hypochondriac listens to his own breathing and heartbeat in the middle of the night. Some people, of course, have an urgent need to know: boatmen, farmers, construction workers, streetwalkers. But others whose daily exposure to the hazards of the open air is limited to three minutes between bus stop and office lobby are also curious to the point of vague anxiety about variations in the temperature and the chances of rain.

This enduring preoccupation has, over the years, developed a native American art form, the television weathercast, and its attending priesthood of TV forecasters. It is an odd and specialized calling: not exactly journalism, not exactly meteorology, not exactly soothsaying, not exactly show business, but parts of all four. TV weathercasters have been much mocked for their polyester jocularity, for what seem bizarrely pseudoscientific discourses to explain that it will be cool and windy tomorrow. It is, critics say, the baton twirling of TV news.

The criticism is essentially unfair; people want to know about the weather, and TV forecasters tell them—not just the niggardly name, rank and serial number of temperature highs and lows but also the larger meteorological events: cold sweeping down from Canada, a warm front out of the Gulf Stream or the metastasis of a storm from Martinique. It may sometimes sound like a cheerful patter of mumbo jumbo and Celsius conversions, like a lounge comedian who did a semester at M.I.T., but on the whole, people learn what they want to know. The audience pays weathercasters the compliment of its attention, and advertisers pay the compliment of their dollars. The weather is always among the surest draws on local news.



NOAA/NATIONAL ENVIRONMENTAL SATELLITE SERVICE

Satellite view of winter storm off East Coast

Still, the mockery of TV weathercasters is probably inevitable. The art form is an original, without ancestors; it is bound now and then to be a sort of satire upon itself. Every night on millions of TV screens, the breezy wizards conjure hieratically with nature. They prophesy. Warm and cold fronts spearhead across their maps like armies. Black clouds and jagged lightning add a Shakespearean flourish to their charts. Their satellites look down like the eye of God, giving the world a dramatic and curiously abstracted view of what is about to happen to it.

Although the elements change as swiftly as the shapes of clouds, the weathercaster's three-to-four-minute performance is, in its discipline, as rigid as a sonnet or a haiku. The ritual begins with the anchorman passing the baton with an oafishly merry transition line like: "Well, buddy, you sure did it to us yesterday, didn't you?" The weatherman casts his eyes downward with a chastened chuckle, accepting responsibility and thereby obscurely associating himself with nature's Higher Authorities.

Now the forecaster commences the two-part substance of his report: first the present (a satellite photograph, high and low pressure systems indicated, current readings of wind and temperature), then a commercial break, then the second part, the future (tonight, tomorrow morning and the "long-range forecast," an educated guess on the next four or five days).

Within the formula, a thousand variations flourish. Weathercasters differ about the measure of dignity the occasion calls for. Before Willard Scott moved to NBC's *Today Show*, he became a Washington, D.C., fixture by giving his WRC-TV weathercast in kilts, Robin Hood costumes or George Washington getups. Audiences in Savannah have had a weather reporter who talked to a seagull; those in Cleveland have enjoyed one who blew hot licks on his trumpet between temperature recitations. Station KDBC-TV in El Paso has a Lhasa Apso named Puffy Little Cloud who gives a forecast by appearing on-camera in an outfit appropriate to the weather.

The history of television weathercasting does not exactly encourage reverence. In the beginning, stations just had a staff announcer rip the forecast off the A.P. ticker. Stations with commercial foresight, however, brought in scientists or pseudo scientists to discourse on occluded fronts and thermal inversions. The weather package was born: a short noncontroversial segment of the local news, with almost universal audience interest. In the mid- and late '50s came the era of the weather girl —sex to relieve the tedium of the millibars. The acts ranged from chirpy to sultry. The women, often blond, busty and breathy, made a warm front sound like a proposition. NBC's Tedi Thurman used to peek from behind a shower curtain to coo: "The temperature in New York is 46, and me, I'm 36-26-36."

Such a history has tended to damage the self-esteem of TV weathercasters. Sometimes they even suspect themselves of fraud. Willard Scott has been heard to say, with an undercurrent of melancholy: "A trained gorilla could do what I do." In fact, even if some of today's forecasters are merely local station Ken dolls rolled out to mouth data gleaned from WE 6-1212, many are knowledgeable meteorologists who provide a valuable public service. Gordon Barnes of WDVM-TV in Washington, D.C., operates his own independent weather service. The best in the business is Dr. Frank Field of WNBC-TV in New York; Field's scientific background and intelligence give his reports an authority that none can match.

Almost all TV weathercasters rely primarily upon the basic data provided by the National Weather Service. A private service, Accu-Weather, supplies information to more than 40 TV stations around the nation. But weathermen, the good ones at least, are somewhat like doctors: several examining the same patient may arrive at different diagnoses. Experience and savvy count—knowing, for example, when a minor geographical shift of a pressure system might make the difference between a drenching rain and a couple of feet of snow.

Are weathercasts really necessary? Not absolutely. But in a nation of highly mobile and widely scattered people, it is both a comfort and a convenience to see the national weather satellite pictures, to watch the migrant storms and bright patches marbling the land, and know just what kind of weather friends and family are under. An intelligent forecast enables people to plan their lives a little, instead of passively awaiting the atmosphere's surprises. Foreknowledge mitigates the tyranny of nature.

Obsessive weather monitoring, in any case, is an old American custom. Thomas Jefferson was mysteriously compulsive about the weather. He kept interminable logs of changes in the temperature. He knew what millions in the weathercasters' audiences may sense: if you know what the weather (a primal force in the world) is up to, you are somehow, obscurely but actually, in control of it.

— ***Lance Morrow***

Dilapidation in Academe

Under all that ivy, costly college halls and walls are crumbling

At the University of Massachusetts' Amherst campus the red brick façade of the 28-story library has turned into a new sort of flying buttress. Since last fall, chunks of brick have come crashing onto the surrounding concrete patio, which is now fenced off to protect passing students. At California's San José State University, badly fitting window frames caused drafts that sent shivering nude models scurrying from the art studio. The 30 models, aged 21 to 52, went on strike, in part because they were tired of posing clad only in "goose flesh." At San Francisco State University, an electric fan, running some 14 hours a day, is all that keeps the library's transformer from overheating—and breaking down. At an Ivy League university, maintenance crews had to tie rags around floor-to-ceiling columns to funnel water leaking from the roof into buckets. When full, the buckets were emptied out a nearby window and set back in place.

Such stories are not unusual on many U.S. campuses today. Visiting parents, barely used to finding their children knee-deep in noise and petty vandalism, are now, like universities themselves, encountering organic dilapidation in academe. For want of maintenance, roofs leak, ceilings crumble, fuses blow, pipes go bump in the night and expire. According to the National Association of College and University Business Officers, it would take roughly $30 billion just to catch up with accumulated neglect of campus buildings.

About 70% of all college buildings in the U.S. were erected after 1950, more than one-third of them in an eight-year spurt following 1966, when federal funds flowed freely and administrators hustled to accommodate the baby boom. Cutting corners with low-grade materials, designers often created buildings that aged prematurely and consumed heating oil as if it would cost 16¢ per gal. forever. With their budgets severely strained, school officials have paid only for the absolute necessities: soaring energy bills, teachers' salaries, research costs. As a result, maintenance budgets have shrunk proportionally, just as buildings and machinery have begun to fall apart. Georgia's state university system, for instance, estimates it needs $12 million annually to get the buildings on its 32 campuses back into shape, but last year spent only $2.25 million.

Recent repairs in New Hampshire

Artists' model using her own heater at San José State studio

"The trick is to put in small amounts of money before the sewer backs up."

State legislatures and rich alumni naturally prefer to contribute to a prestigious project like a science lab, often without providing money to maintain it. Says Sy Zachar, an analyst working on a study of physical plant maintenance funded by the Carnegie Corp.: "It's easy to find some foundation eager to donate a new tax-deductible library or a shiny new *anything*. But what donor wants to put a plaque on a steam pipe?" At the University of California at Berkeley, administrators nickname the list of "deferred maintenance" problems the "Crummy and Seedy Project."

Another difficulty is that alumni and administrators rarely see, or quite believe, the slow, steady decay that goes on. Says Paul T. Knapp, executive director of the Association of Physical Plant Administrators of Universities and Colleges: "Up East they cover it with ivy, so you can't see the buildings falling apart. People tend to think these places are too important to wear out." But in maintenance, a stitch in time means long-term salvation. Says William Massy, a vice president at Stanford University: "The trick is to put small amounts of money in early, before the sewer backs up or the lights go out." But, Keith Spalding, president of Franklin and Marshall College, points out, "very few private colleges depreciate their buildings. It is tempting to balance the budget by failing to fix the roof." Case in point: last year the University of New Hampshire neglected a leaky roof. Because of winter snow seepage, not only the roof but ceilings and interior walls needed repair.

Because legislatures are somewhat freer with money than alumni, private universities have fallen further behind than public. Some schools, especially in the Midwest, have kept up with maintenance problems by appropriating renewal funds. But most campuses are in trouble. Says Paul Romberg, president of San Francisco State: "Deterioration of buildings has been so severe we may have to consider curtailing some academic programs." The "millions" needed for repair, says Romberg, "are a small investment compared with the enormous potential loss to taxpayers."

One way of coping at least with the look of college dorms, which potential donors tend to see first, may be to enlist student support. In an experiment in "dormitory democracy," students at the University of Connecticut took over all the lighter maintenance in one older dorm: building walls, painting, waxing, replacing light bulbs. For six years the plan has kept costs down. And giving the students responsibility also has cut back significantly on vandalism. ■

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OLYMPUS OM10

Education

Report Card

CHEM LIB

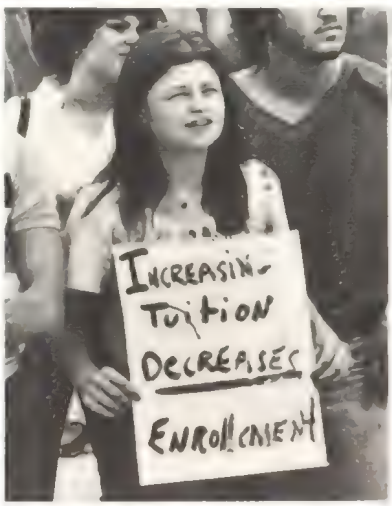
Women have long had little to do with the field of chemistry beyond dissolving coffee crystals in H_2O, say, or oxidizing strips of bacon by placing them on a heat-conductive surface. Photosynthesis generally meant reorganizing the family snapshot album. But opportunities have expanded. According to a study by the American Chemical Society, women graduates in chemistry now get better salary offers than their male classmates. In 1979 the median starting salary of women with a bachelor's degree in chemistry was $15,600, compared with $15,000 for men. For women who specialized in chemical engineering, the median starting salary was $20,000, *vs.* $19,800 for men.

Says Robert Neuman, who directs an A.C.S. department that is still called manpower studies: "A lot of employers are beginning to wake up to the fact that they have discriminated against women in the past." No similar burst of demand for females is reported in academe. In college chemistry departments, women make up just 2.5% of full-time chemistry faculty.

SOLVENCY U.

When University of Miami students demonstrated against rising tuition a couple of years ago, they accomplished nothing —except getting 31 of their number arrested. But then Student President Allan Lubel, 21, a psychology major, got a brainstorm. Since administrators blamed Miami's money problems on declining enrollment, why not recruit more freshmen?

Led by the student government, Miami launched an enrollment campaign. Undergrads put a full-court press on their old high schools, urging friends and relatives to apply. In one year the Miami undergraduate population grew by 777 students, to a high of 10,962. Finding itself with a surplus, the university cut $85 per student off tuition last year. This semester $50 more was lopped off.



Miami student protesting new tuition hike

A $100 check for a 3.8 average.

Since the campaign began, Miami, once known as "Suntan U.," has been able to exercise more selectivity in its admissions. While SAT scores have dropped nationwide, those of freshmen entering Miami have gone up 40 points.

To encourage this improvement the university last month introduced a rather startling new wrinkle: dollar bonuses for academic excellence. Astonished scholars with high averages got "good grade payoff" checks ranging from $100 (for one term with a 3.8 average) to $1,000 (three years with a perfect 4.0). So much for fiscal '79-80. Alas, the university has just approved a $500 tuition hike for '80-81. Students are protesting again, too, some of them with misspelled posters.

ARAB GIFT

When word leaked out a while back that Princeton University was discussing a $5 million research grant from the University of Riyadh, the *Daily Princetonian* called Saudi Arabia's consulate in New York and raised a sensitive question. Would Princeton faculty members sent to the Middle East face discrimination problems? The reply, according to the student paper: "We don't issue visas to Jews."

That was just the sort of response that might have queered the deal. But last week the $5 million agreement finally went through. Under its terms, Princeton will use the money for teaching and research in the life sciences, and in return will help Riyadh develop a science center of its own. Princeton's negotiators had insisted that the agreement include the statement, "Merit will be the criterion upon which individual scholars, technical experts and students will be proposed and received." The Saudis went along.

When Princeton President William G. Bowen flew to Riyadh to sign the agreement, he took with him a Princeton Jew—Physicist Aaron Lemonick, dean of faculty—and a Princeton woman—Administrative Assistant Marcia Snowden. "In the past," said Bowen, "controversy has centered around gifts for Near Eastern studies, but the life sciences are really free of such political questions."

Princeton's precedent-setting agreement satisfied the American Jewish Committee, which has questioned the terms of other grants offered by Arabs to U.S. schools. Said the A.J.C.'s Ira Silverman: "We think the language as written is adequately protective of the interests of minorities." He added: "We will be watching to see that it is implemented." ■

Milestones

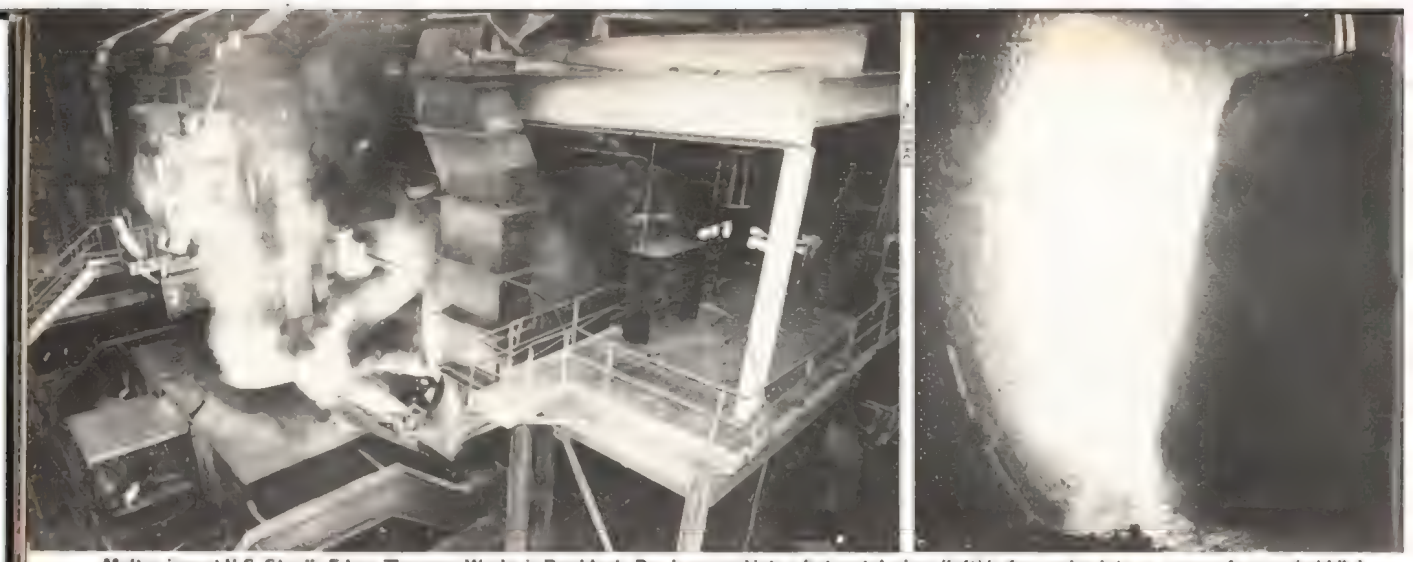
DIVORCED. James Earl ("Chip") Carter III, 29, the President's party-loving second son, now employed as assistant to the manager of Carter's campaign staff; and **Caron Carter,** 29, Georgia schoolteacher; after seven years of marriage, one child (a son, James Earl Carter IV); in Americus, Ga.

DIED. Wilhelmina Behmenburg Cooper, 40, Dutch-born daughter of a Chicago butcher, who parlayed a career as one of the nation's most photographed beauties into a second triumph as head of one of the top New York model agencies; of cancer; in Greenwich, Conn. During her cover-girl days, Wilhelmina boasted that she was "one of the few high-fashion models built like a woman." So she was. With her 5 ft. 11 in., 38-24-36 frame, doe eyes, delicate cheekbones and mane of high-piled dark hair, she epitomized the classical, aristocratic look that she helped to make the style standard of the 1950s and '60s, along with Suzy Parker, Capucine and Veruschka. She never approved of the earthy, natural look that arrived in the 1970s with laid-back lovelies such as Lauren Hutton, Cheryl Tiegs and Margaux Hemingway. Fashion, she lamented, became "boobs and butts, anything to make pictures sexy." Even so, she knew how to make fashion pay: Wilhelmina Models Inc., which she and her husband Bruce Cooper started in 1967, is today second in size only to the Eileen Ford firm.

DIED. Jay Silverheels, 62, the bass-voiced Mohawk Indian who played the masked man's sidekick Tonto after *The Lone Ranger* series moved from radio to TV in 1949; of complications from pneumonia; in Woodland Hills, Calif. Born on a reservation in Canada, Silverheels spurred his horse Scout through all 221 of the video episodes made before filming stopped in 1957, helping his Kemo Sabe (commonly translated as "faithful friend") bring law-and-order to the early West. Silverheels never lost his love for horses (he took up harness racing at 56) or for the show, in which the bad guys were always vanquished, and with a minimum of violence. Said he: "TV-watching children had better examples in those days."

DIED. Emmett Ashford, 65, first black major league baseball umpire, an ebullient Californian whose booming voice and animated gestures behind the plate delighted the fans at American League games from 1966 to 1970; of a heart attack; in Marina Del Rey, Calif.

DIED. Norman Hobgood, 108, retired Arkansas lawyer and farmer who enlisted in the Army in 1898 to fight in the Spanish-American War and was reckoned by Washington to have been the nation's oldest living veteran; in Little Rock, Ark.



Molten iron at U.S. Steel's Edgar Thomson Works in Braddock, Pa., is poured into a hot metal mixer (left) before going into an oxygen furnace (middle),

Economy & Business

Steel at the Crossroads

Beset by imports and low investment, an industry struggles to shape up

Throughout the developed world, trouble is brewing for one of modern society's most basic industries: steel. Producers everywhere are struggling with softening demand and excess capacity. Western European producers are trying to ensure their survival by dismantling older, inefficient plants and concentrating their slimmed-down industry not on raw steel but on sophisticated finished and specialty steels that have strong markets at home and abroad. But some of the toughest problems lie ahead for the American steel industry: 26% of its capacity is still outdated despite a series of closings over the past three years. The outlook for this year is uncertain. Orders for capital goods are stronger than anticipated, but sales to steel's other big customers, autos and construction, are down.

Steel is at the crossroads. With relatively inexpensive imports keeping a lid on prices and a considerable portion of capital outlays diverted into nonproductive environmental controls, the industry cannot raise the money to build the efficient plants it must have to compete with foreign steel. Management, labor and the Government know it, and they are finally in agreement that steps must be taken now to harden and sharpen steel.

Labor negotiations for a new three-year contract are now under way in Pittsburgh, and they will shape the industry's labor costs for the early 1980s. The 450,000 steelworkers are among the highest-paid American industrial laborers; their hourly wages average $10.59, and benefits swell the total to $16.80. The United Steelworkers' high priority now, says President Lloyd McBride, is to win better pensions for their 250,000 retirees. Equally important is preserving jobs; in the past 20 years, more than 100,000 jobs have been lost because of plant shutdowns. Thus the union does not appear to be in a demanding mood, and bargaining is expected to reach a reasonably smooth conclusion by the April 15 deadline. Even if talks break down, there will be no strike; disagreements will be settled by binding arbitration. Says one high union official: "We have no illusions. The owners are not going to keep a steel mill open if it is not making money."

The past two years have been fairly good for American steel, but demand began weakening in the second half of 1979. Result: last year's profits were down by a still undetermined amount from $1.3 billion on sales of $46.9 billion in 1978. Rates of return have slid from 11.5% of net worth 30 years ago to 8.2% today. Those rates are the lowest in all American manufacturing and will have to be improved in order to attract investment. Steelmen want the Government to raise their return by enacting tougher protection against imports, faster depreciation on plant and equipment, and less stringent environmental laws.

American steelmen complain that many foreign governments covertly subsidize their steel industries, often dumping products in the U.S. at prices below manufacturing costs in order to keep the mills going at home and prevent unemployment. To fight this practice, the Carter Administration in 1978 implemented the trigger price mechanism (T.P.M.), which sets a floor price below which imports will trigger an investigation for dumping. This floor is based on the cost of manufacturing and transporting a ton of steel made in Japan, which is the lowest-cost producer among big nations.

Consequently, imports fell from 21% of the U.S. steel market in 1977 to 15.2% last year. American mills were operating at an extraordinary 87% of capacity during much of the year, a significantly higher rate than that of any major competing industrial country. Still, the Americans complain that foreign competitors are getting a better deal from Washington than Americans are. For one thing, the Europeans, whose manufacturing costs are about $50 a ton higher than Japanese costs, could be dumping even when they sell their steel at trigger prices. For another, some imports are selling below the T.P.M. A General Accounting Office study concluded that from Oct. 1, 1978, to March 1, 1979, the Government applied the T.P.M. so laxly that almost 40% of imported steel came at prices lower than the floor, though only 6% was "significantly below the trigger price."

This week U.S. steelmakers expect to bring antidumping suits against European steel exporters. The suits could be embarrassing to the Carter Administration because the State Department is trying to line up European support for a grain, technology and Olympic boycott against

where the manufacturing is monitored by a shielded worker; (right) Union President Lloyd McBride

the Soviet Union. Viscount Etienne Davignon, the European Community Industrial Affairs Commissioner, warns: "If we enter into a trade war and protectionism in steel, then cars will follow rapidly, and after cars it will be shipyards and then advanced technology industries."

American steel manufacturers invest less per ton of steel produced than do any of their major foreign competitors. The American Iron and Steel Institute (A.I.S.I.) estimates that if the industry is to preserve its domestic market from further erosion, steelmakers must raise annual capital expenditures from an average $2.9 billion now to $7 billion over the next decade. The industry is hoping for some tax breaks so that it can recover its capital faster than the 15-year depreciation schedule allows. Pushed by inflation, plant and equipment costs almost doubled in the past ten years or so. Thus $100 spent in 1968 to buy a machine would replace only half the machine when recovered through depreciation in 1978. Forced by inflation and the tax code to eat their capital, steelmen are backing the Capital Cost Recovery Act. Introduced in the House by New York's Barber Conable and Oklahoma's James Jones, it would speed up depreciation to ten years on buildings, five years on machinery and equipment, and three years on vehicles.

Steelmen would also like to use for more productive investment some of the $600 million a year they will have to spend through 1985 to comply with air- and water-quality standards. In just one year, the spending to meet the last 5% to 10% increments in environmental standards is so high that the money could build four energy-saving continuous casters for rolling steel. Says U.S. Steel Vice President Earl Mallick: "If we could invest that money in those facilities, we would have a totally different steel industry."

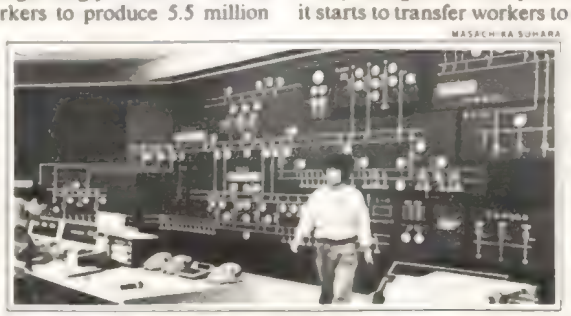
Leaders in the industry talk much about a steel shortage leading to high returns in the mid-1980s, but that is probably wishful thinking. Still, steel demand is projected to rise from last year's 115 million tons to 134 million tons by 1988. If the industry starts to invest in more productive plant and equipment now, it will probably be able to meet most of that demand without much more than the current 15% reliance on imports. But if nothing is done by then to halt the decline of steel, the A.I.S.I. warns, domestic shipments will drop to about 85 million tons. That would leave 40% of America's steel needs to be filled by imports. ■

How the Japanese Do It

While no integrated steel mills have been built in the U.S. since 1964, modern and highly productive plants have been going up in Japan. In a 40-hr. week, the Japanese steelworker produces about 4.8 tons of the metal, the U.S. worker turns out 4.6 tons and the West German 3.8 tons. Japan's commitment to efficient steel production is illustrated by that country's most modern steel plant, the Nippon Kokan (NKK) works on man-made Ohgishima island.

A decade ago, NKK's Keihin Works on the shores of Tokyo Bay were crowded and outdated, and the Japanese government was promulgating tough new antipollution standards. Nippon Kokan's bold solution was literally to move a mountain from the opposite side of the bay and create an island upon which to build a $3 billion nonpolluting mill.

The investment has paid off glowingly. Whereas the old plant had required 18,000 workers to produce 5.5 million tons of steel a year, NKK claims that the new mill employs only 8,000 people to make 6 million tons. Much of that productivity increase came from investment in the latest automated handling equipment and huge, super-efficient blast furnaces. A computerized system enables the plant to turn out large amounts of standard products and easily switch to small lots of specialty products and back again. One man in a tower controls a hot strip mill that makes the world's widest coils: 7.5 ft. At an energy-control center, employees in white tennis shoes work at consoles that carefully monitor the use of coal, heavy oil, liquid gas and other fuels.



MASACHIKA SUHARA

Central board for energy use at NKK's Ohgishima works

Much of the credit for the high productivity belongs to the 1,400 quality-control circles established at the plant. These groups of five to seven employees meet often to suggest and discuss better ways of doing their jobs. A worker is expected to learn about every job on the operation to which he is assigned, from cleaning the equipment to handling the controls. Technicians sometimes sweep the floor.

Japanese steelworkers get little more than half as much in wages and benefits as their American counterparts, or an average $9.25 per hr. But loyalty to the company is not determined by the size of the paycheck. Japanese steelworkers often take fewer than their allotted 20 days of vacation. In return, the employees get what amounts to lifetime job security. Long before a Japanese steel firm closes an old plant, it starts to transfer workers to other plants.

U.S. steelmakers face an uphill struggle against their Japanese competitors because of the workers' commitment to their corporations and the continual drive for peak efficiency. Most of the equipment in the "outdated" Keihin Works was less than 30 years old. By contrast, U.S. Steel's Youngstown Works in Ohio, which is set to close this year, uses a steam engine that was installed in 1908.

Polaroid's Land Steps Down

One failure for the tinkering genius of instant film

Salesmen at Boston's Jordan Marsh department store just before Christmas 1948 proudly touted the new cameras with the slogan "Snap it, see it." As curious customers watched in fascination, Polaroid pictures almost miraculously developed right inside the camera in one minute. Photography's professionals dismissed it as a gimmick, but Edwin Land had just founded the instant-photo industry, now a $1.2 billion business. Last week Land, 70, one of the premier tinkerers of American history, announced his retirement as chief executive officer of Polaroid amid a whirlwind of controversy. Land's departure will be due in large part to his prized invention, Polavision instant home movies. Last fall the company took a $68 million write-down on its Polavision inventory, and there may be more to come.

Three years ago, when Land introduced Polavision to an amazed stockholders' meeting, Polaroid had been one of the great success stories of corporate America. Founder and boss for 43 years, Harvard Dropout Edwin Land is an inventive genius ranking not far behind Thomas Edison. He personally holds 524 U.S. patents. Starting with the development of Polaroid filters to stop the harsh reflection of automobile headlights, Land moved on to non-glare Polaroid sunglasses and World War II antiaircraft goggles.

The inspiration for instant photography came during a 1943 family vacation in New Mexico, when Daughter Jennifer asked how soon she could see the picture that father had just taken. After countless experiments over the next four years, Land devised the procedure that captured an image on special paper pressed against film and developing solution, which simultaneously produced a negative and positive print. The film and paper could be separated after 60 sec. to reveal the picture. During the 1950s and 1960s, the wizard of light turned out a steady stream of new cameras, faster developing films and color films. During its go-go Wall Street era, Polaroid became the epitome of a glamour stock. A $1,000 investment in the company in 1938 was worth more than $4 million at its peak in 1972.

That year Polaroid brought out the revolutionary SX-70, the coat-pocket-size folding fully automatic single-lens reflex camera; it popped out film that developed sharp color prints while one looked at them. After some initial start-up problems with the SX-70, the mass-market One-Step and Pronto models were smash successes. In 1978 the company was manufacturing 30,000 OneSteps a day. Even after Eastman Kodak finally entered the instant-photo field in 1976, Polaroid roared forward, always one inspirational idea ahead of the competition.

The chief executive demonstrating in 1977 the instant movie system that flopped

The wizard of light considered market research a waste of money.

During those heady years, Polaroid's unique management style seemed part of its chemistry for success. The product, not the marketing, was the thing. Land, a shy and reclusive scientist more at ease in his lab than with salesmen, believed that his new inventions would create their own success. Polaroid considered market research a "waste of money." Company headquarters in Cambridge, Mass., was dominated by scientists and was often called the city's third university—after Harvard and M.I.T.

Such management style, however, was the company's undoing with Polavision. While the innovation was a technical marvel, there was little market for it. Home movies have never been as popular as still photography; while nearly all homes have a still camera, only about one-quarter have movie cameras. Polavision was also expensive and the picture quality often poor. The camera and a small viewer that looks like a TV screen cost $675, plus $9.95 for a 2-min. 40-sec. film cartridge. The product never took hold despite heavy promotion. Some officials within the company opposed Polavision, but Land, who applied for his first patent on the process in 1946, insisted on its development.

Polavision was not the company's only source of troubles. Amid declining film sales, earnings last year plunged by 70% to $36.1 million. Younger photographers often prefer the new, easy-to-use 35-mm cameras like the Pentax ME and the Canon AE-1 over instant cameras. Polaroid has also found market resistance to the high initial cost of its film, now about 60¢ per picture.

Replacing Land as chief executive officer will be William J. McCune Jr., 64, a Polaroid colleague since 1939 and an engineer. The new management will probably stop promotion of Polavision for the general public, though the company may continue production of the movie film. McCune is also expected to move the firm into new technological ventures and to explore diversification. In recent months rumors have swirled on Wall Street that the company might be a target for a takeover bid. Stock analysts said that the retirement of Land was the prerequisite for Polaroid's evolution into a fully developed firm with modern management. Said a longtime associate: "Land is 70 and is very much aware of that. He wanted to devote more time to nonphotographic research such as his theories on the perception of color." The founding father will become Polaroid's consulting director for basic research. Still active and healthy, Land can fully satisfy his admitted addiction. As he once told a London cab driver: "I am addicted to at least one good experiment a day." ■

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China Syndrome

Problems in petrochemicals

Since the new opening of China three years ago, Western businessmen have faced a Great Wall of ignorance about that country's industries. Even some government ministers did not have a firm grasp on the situation inside the country. Last July, when economic figures were released for the first time in nearly 25 years, Chinese government officials admitted privately that some of the numbers came from declassified reports of the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency.

Now the most detailed and comprehensive work ever done on a major segment of the Chinese economy has opened a crack in that wall. The Bank of America's Hong Kong subsidiary has amassed a two-volume, 450-page report (price: $5,000) on the petrochemical industry that provides the first definitive view of a contemporary Chinese industry. Mandarin-speaking and Harvard-trained Anthropologist Robert Silin, 39, compiled the report, making three trips to China.

In China's ambitious Four Modernizations program, petroleum-based chemicals are a pivotal industry. Says Silin: "It leads into so many other areas of basic industry, like synthetic fibers, fertilizers, rubber and plastic." His basic finding: China has embarked on a promising effort to expand its petrochemical production dramatically so that it could eventually become a major manufacturer and exporter of synthetics and resins. By 1985, if all goes well, China's production of ethylene will quadruple from 455,000 metric tons a year to 1.9 million. Polyethylene output is expected to expand from its very low current levels to about 1 million metric tons annually.

The initial Chinese investment in petrochemicals is huge. In the past two years, Peking has signed contracts worth nearly $2 billion, as much as one-third of its total technology bought abroad, to build four ethylene plants and three hydrocracking units. Most of these imports will be paid for in cash on delivery, thus creating a substantial drain on the country's foreign reserves, which are estimated to be as little as $1.5 billion.

The country's petrochemical future contains several other question marks. The most troubling is crude oil supply. In 1985 the petrochemical industry will need approximately 330,000 bbl. per day of oil. Estimates of China's total reserves vary from a respectable 20 billion bbl. to a Saudi-like 100 billion bbl. or more. But much of this lies offshore, where production is still five to ten years away. More easily exploitable onshore fields are no longer yielding the once steady 10% production increases. Last year the increase was 2%.

Technical obstacles also hamper development. China lacks port and petrochemical transportation facilities to service the new complexes and the trained manpower to build and run them. Despite a population that studies estimate has topped 1 billion, the corps of skilled technicians is too small to meet China's future needs in petrochemicals alone.

The Bank of America report, in sum, portrays a growing industry that eventually will be looking for markets abroad but that is in need of equipment and technology. There could be good opportunities for foreign involvement, but Silin's realistic assessment of the difficulties China faces has doubtless dampened some of the grander illusions about a vast and voracious new Chinese market just coming in sight. ■

WILLIAM FRASER IN MC MAHON

A Fort Knox at home concealed in a bar

Safety in Safes?

Protecting precious possessions

Given today's soaring gold and silver prices, plus resulting fears of burglary, Americans are no longer satisfied with stashing their gold jewelry or sterling silver under the bed or in the family's deep-freeze. Increasingly, they are demanding safekeeping in safes. Manufacturers report a spectacular rise in sales both to businesses and to individuals. Says Patricia Johnson of Chicago's McGunn Safe Co.: "Sales have doubled this year to more than $2 million." Sears, Roebuck says that safe purchases nationwide are up 25% this year, and other companies report increases of up to 100%. The safety conscious want their caches out of sight. Some modern safes are built into end tables or bars, serve as furniture or are buried in basement concrete.

A Fort Knox at home can range from a $200 one, 9 in. in diameter and 15 in. deep with a solid-steel door, to the $26,000 British-made Tann safe, complete with glass panels, double doors and maddeningly intricate bolt slips.

But is a safe really foolproof protection? Robert Rosberg of the Hamilton, Ohio, Mosler Safe Co. admits that no safe is burglarproof and 70% can be cracked in less than 20 minutes. As an alternative, Rosberg suggests spending $25 to rent a safe-deposit box. But even that does not offer total protection. Three weeks ago, burglars broke into a Manhattan bank vault and escaped with the contents of 290 safe-deposit boxes. ■

Bargain Fuel

A scheme for cheap oil

The tanker *Concho* chugged into the harbor of Chelsea, Mass., late last month carrying 8.4 million gallons of heating oil. An everyday occurrence, with one important exception: the fuel on board cost only 47¢ per gal., or about two-thirds the normal 75¢-per-gal. wholesale price. The importer was the nonprofit Citizens Energy Corp. (CEC), headed by Joseph P. Kennedy II, 27, eldest son of late Senator Robert Kennedy. A vociferous critic of the energy firms' "greed," the young Kennedy was out to prove that oil companies were ripping off the public.

Arguing that prices could be lowered by eliminating the middlemen's profits, Kennedy jetted off to Algeria, but found no crude for sale. Later he approached Saudi Arabian Oil Minister Sheik Ahmed Zaki Yamani and Venezuelan President Luis Herrera Campins. Finally the Venezuelan oil company Petrovén agreed to sell him nearly 1 million bbl. at the world price of $26 million. Chase Manhattan Bank provided the necessary credit line. A Puerto Rican refinery in the middle of bankruptcy proceedings agreed to refine the oil and transport it in return for a share of the refined products. The state of Massachusetts, using federal fuel-for-the-poor funds, bought the oil and distributed it to 7,500 needy households.

Joe Kennedy

Though Kennedy insists his ploy could easily be duplicated, some industry experts are a bit skeptical about the new oil baron's gambit. Says Mark Emond, editor of the authoritative oil publication the *Lundberg Letter:* "It takes a huge credit line; it takes a relationship, or influence, or something." In other words, it is quite easy to cut fuel prices if you have political clout, a large credit line and access to a bankrupt oil refinery. It also helps if your name is Kennedy. ■

Troublemakers in the Office

How to cope with the 10% who are really difficult

In Shepherd Mead's satire *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*, officeworkers are so committed to devious little games and personality conflicts that everyone seems to have forgotten what it is that the company produces and sells. In fact, a good deal of fiction has depicted the office as a war zone of neurotic combat. But according to Management Consultant Robert M. Bramson, 54, who studies such matters, that concept is unfair. Only 10% of officeworkers are relentlessly difficult, says Bramson, and anyone can learn how to cope with this troublesome minority.

Over the past few years, Bramson has studied the behavior of some 400 managers and other workers at dozens of companies and public agencies. He has concluded that they, like Gaul, are divided into three parts: 10% troublemakers, 70% unable to cope with troublemakers and 20% not bothered by troublemakers. By paying particular attention to the manner and techniques of the resilient 20%, he has constructed a strategy for achieving office harmony and teaches it (for $1,000 a session) to employers and employees alike at daylong seminars throughout California.

Bramson's "method-oriented" program is designed around a basic premise: "People who are difficult have learned that behavior precisely because in the short run it has worked for them. The reason the bad behavior works is that it elicits predictable, typical reactions from other people."

Bramson has identified several categories of troublemakers—hostile-aggressives, complainers, indecisives, unresponsives and know-it-alls—and in his seminars suggests how to cope with each. The Bramson way:

Hostile-aggressives. There are three subspecies in this category—"Sherman tanks," "snipers" and "exploders"—and the basic strategy for dealing with all of them is not to rise to the bait. The Shermans are straight-ahead pushy folk known for their jabbing fingers, loud talk and complete knowledge of what is good for their fellow workers. "You have to stand up to him, but don't fight," says Bramson. His advice: look Sherman straight in the eye, call him by name and state your disagreement with defusing phrases such as "in my opinion," and "it's my judgment that . . ." Then let the tank blow off some steam. Says Bramson: "Sherman tanks are experts at escalating. If you fight you lose."

Snipers shoot at people through the camouflage of sarcasm or irony and should be asked to explain and expand their remarks. "Smoke them out," says Bramson. "Make them be overt in their attack, or backtrack. Don't push. It's hard for hostile people to lose face. Let them get out from under their attack." The behavior of exploders—sudden yelling, cursing or crying—requires no action at all. Simply let the tirade or crying jag spin itself out and end in a guilty apology. If that fails, Bramson recommends a distancing line: "This is a very serious matter, but we can't handle it this way." The final line of defense is to leave the room, saying you will return in five minutes.

KINDLE MEAD

Complainers lace their speech with "always" and "never," and usually insist on sitting down before detailing their gripes —the fellow who complains standing up wants action, but the sitter wants to whine in comfort. It is a serious mistake either to agree or disagree with complainers. Instead, says Bramson, paraphrase the whiners' complaints back to them with "limiting concrete statements that let them know you understand." Noncommittal but encouraging "ums" and "ahs" are helpful too.

Indecisives come in two varieties: "analysts," who are afraid of making a mistake, and "be-nicers" who are afraid of making enemies. Bramson says analysts should be given plenty of documentation: if a memo has complicated figures, attach the adding machine slip or a note saying "I've checked these numbers." Despite their indecision, he says, analysts respond well to deadlines, if the lead time is stretched a bit. In dealing with be-nice people, the point is to keep the employee talking long enough to find out what is really going on. Don't push, or an impulsive decision will result, and never show enthusiasm, which indecisives find alarming. Instead, appeal to the employee's sense of what is best for the company, which usually works. If this fails, says Bramson, keep the initiative by saying something like "I'll be back Thursday to see where we are."

Unresponsives are too frightened, confused or hostile to discuss matters. Bramson suggests trying to outwait them: stare at them in a friendly fashion, but say nothing. As the growing silence produces anxiety, throw your eyebrows up expectantly. Chances are the unresponsive will break first, particularly if you have practiced coping with awkward silences yourself.

Know-it-alls come in two types: "real experts," who are right about 75% of the time, and "phony experts," who are inept and usually wrong. The real experts are highly valuable, but dogmatic, stubborn and often "so superior in tone that they make others feel useless." Coworkers who must face a know-it-all should do their homework carefully, and instead of arguing, ask "extensional" questions, such as "How will this approach work with our five kinds of customers?" The questions may lead know-it-alls to see their errors because they are among the few troublemakers "who can be influenced by clear logic, especially if their logic is off." If the know-it-all is too intimidating, says Bramson, an employee might want to knuckle under. "Take a frank, subordinate stance as an alternative to sitting and seething. If nothing else, it will relieve tension."

Though Bramson's advice may strike some as manipulative, he prefers to call it "managing your own behavior." His argument: candor and self-assertiveness are valuable tools, but they are not automatically useful in getting along with difficult colleagues. Says he: "People should do something different from what comes naturally. Being candid is always worth trying once, but it won't always solve the problem." Bramson also has a surefire cure for office problems, but it may not be practical for too many employees. "The best way to cope with difficult people," he says, "is to get as far away from them as you can." ■

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Gene Saks directing the cast in a rehearsal at the Showcase Studios

The Long Road to Broadway

Progress is painful for play and playwright

A new movie or TV show always involves considerable risk. But the real high rollers are in the theater, and opening night in Manhattan is always a kind of crap game. Within two hours the play is either a success or a flop. Either way, years may have gone into the production, and the story behind the play is often more interesting than the play itself. To find out what goes on, TIME*'s Elaine Dutka spent three weeks behind the scenes of William Hamilton's* Save Grand Central, *a comedy of manners in which two couples find happiness by exchanging marriage partners. The show opened off-Broadway last week, and here is her report*

Unlike Shakespeare, who took most of his ideas from history, news and other playwrights, Hamilton, 40, had to go no further than his own collapsing marriage. "I wrote *Save Grand Central* three years ago while I was trying to find a way out of an unhappy marriage," he says. "At the time I was madly in love with another woman and hoping my wife would find someone herself and let me off the hook. This never happened in real life, so I invented a play in which this happy ending took place. It was intended as a farewell present."

It was Hamilton's first attempt at drama, but he had been writing snappy dialogue for 15 years as a cartoonist for *The New Yorker*. Though he lived in San Francisco part of that time, he took aim at the upwardly mobile everywhere, those who flit from trend to shining trend. *Grand Central*, like his cartoons, was supposed to be pointed and sophisticated, a *Private Lives* of the '70s. "Cartoons are very much like plays," he says. "A whole way of life is revealed in one sentence. In a play you just move this through time."

When the sentences were assembled, the play received two readings on the West Coast and in 1978 full production at the California Actors Theater in Los Gatos, near San Francisco. But *Grand Central* was not to be saved in California, and nothing much happened until last September, when Hamilton got a call from Anne Cattaneo, literary manager of the Phoenix Theater, one of the several off-Broadway groups that had received the script. She suggested a reading as part of the Phoenix's play-in-progress series.

Hamilton immediately agreed and put the play through the typewriter again. He reduced his characters from nine to six, cutting out whole chunks of the dialogue. "You can't stick with good lines just because they're good," he says. "They've got to move the play." The reading, Nov. 18, was a success, and the Phoenix gave the play two weeks in its schedule. Hamilton went to work on script No. 3.

Theater people still look to Broadway for money and approval, but producers themselves look to off-Broadway. Production costs have risen to such heights that backers no longer put money into a new play and send it on the road for seasoning. Instead, they will take an off-Broadway hit like *The Elephant Man* or *Talley's Folly* and move it to a larger house on Broadway. Thus, with what Cattaneo calls "a nod toward the future," Hamilton asked Gene Saks, who directed such big budget hits as *Same Time, Next Year* and *I Love My Wife*, to stage *Save Grand Central*. "It's obvious I'm not here for the two-week run," Saks candidly admits. "We all hope it catches on and moves to Broadway."

Playwright Hamilton

At this point, Bonnie Timmermann, the Phoenix's casting director, brought in dozens of actors to audition. "Bill would start to sketch a person as soon as he became bored, and Saks' face would light up when he saw the right person. I would keep an eye on Gene's face and Bill's pad to get a sense of what was going on." Finally the six were chosen: Remak Ramsay to play the stuffy lawyer and Linda Atkinson for his wife, who always had a cause like saving Grand Central Terminal from the developers; Michael Ayr as the unbusinesslike architect and Jill Eikenberry as his aristocratic Italian wife; Luis Avalos for a comical Latin bartender and Evelyn Mercado as the maid he lusted after.

On Jan. 30 the cast assembled at the Showcase Studios at Eighth Avenue and 56th Street. At first Saks concentrated on blocking out how the actors were to stand and move. The script came later. For the next four weeks the actors worked at the Showcase eight hours a day, six days a week.

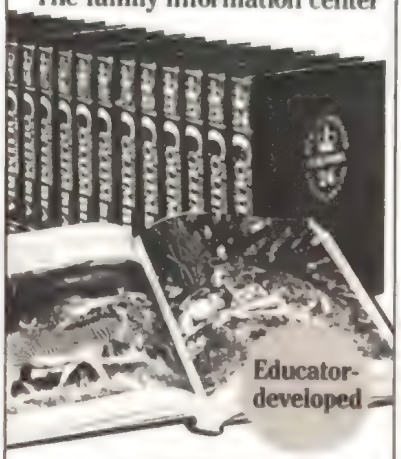
Unlike many playwrights, Hamilton was both willing and able to make changes in his script. But his innocence showed up in other ways, and he was sometimes shocked at both

DRAWING BY WM. HAMILTON ©1980 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.

"Oh, well. Better to be the victim of comedy than tragedy."

The New Illustrated Columbia Encyclopedia

The family information center



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the egos and the greed of many people in the business. "If you go in thinking everyone is trying to help you, you wind up bitter," he observed at the time. "Everyone is just in it for himself." Talking about one of his colleagues who he thought took advantage of him, he said: "It was like that scene at the end of *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*. The hero is talking to his best friend, and as the friend's eyes glaze over, he realizes that he is one of THEM."

There is never enough time for perfection, particularly off-Broadway. The cast did not even see the set until the day before the Feb. 27 dress rehearsal. "It was like we had just barely moved into a house, but were having 150 people for dinner," says Linda Atkinson. At 8 p.m. the audience was in place in the 250-seat theater of Marymount Manhattan College on East 71st Street, which the Phoenix calls home. Saks gave a little speech, asking for consideration: "Things are pretty rough, and we may have to stop. Please be patient and give the actors your sympathy. They're out here with no net." No one fell, but at the end of the first act, Cattaneo judged that things were rocky. "The actors are tentative," she said, "because they don't know when the laughs are coming." Hamilton added glumly: "I'd say it needs a lot of work." When it ended, he went home and got drunk.

Saks later told the actors that they were going too fast: the audience wanted to laugh but was given no time. At the first preview, Feb. 28, the pace was considerably slower. "We felt like we were walking through water," says Atkinson. "But Gene loved it, and Bill thought his play had come back from the dead." March 2 was the last of the six previews and the best, sparked perhaps by the presence of some critics. Indeed, the last preview was better than the official opening on March 3. That night a vase of flowers fell during the first scene, throwing off the entire act. Unable to watch, Saks and Hamilton dashed for the lobby, sitting there in agony until intermission. "The play is half what it was last night," moaned Hamilton. "It's terrible to see."

The second act picked up, and at a small party afterward, Saks admitted that he was encouraged. "We need more playing time, but people seem to be hearing Bill's language. And that's a good sign." At 11:15 the newspaper and TV reviews were called in. Almost all were positive. The following day even Hamilton was cheerful and looked back on his experience more positively. "I was taking such a gamble that I failed to see that everyone else was too. Being under pressure made us all act strangely." He kept repeating to himself the words of Mel Gussow in the *Times*: "*Save Grand Central* is not a fully formed play, but the author is resoundingly a playwright." With those words resounding in his mind, Hamilton started script No. 4—and waited hopefully for a call from Broadway. ■

No Tears

ON GIANT'S SHOULDERS
March 12, PBS, 8 p.m. E.S.T.

In the late '50s and early '60s, the world was struck by a catastrophe: thousands of babies were born with grotesque deformities, no arms or legs, or at best, flipper-like appendages. The cause was traced to a sleep-inducing drug that the mothers had been taking during pregnancy—thalidomide. The U.S. escaped the disaster only because of the determination of a doctor at the Food and Drug Administration who suspected that something was wrong with the drug. This British program is about one of thalidomide's victims and what happened after the headlines stopped.

Terry Wiles and Judi Dench
These people do not cry.

Terry Wiles was born in 1962, and he was left at the hospital by his unmarried mother. Eventually a childless couple gave him a home: Len was a truck driver, amateur inventor, and—so it would seem—full-time saint who immediately opened his heart to the boy; his wife Hazel took some persuading. That was accomplished by Terry himself, who, despite his deformities, was beguilingly bright and witty. Always poor, often unemployed, Len nevertheless contrived a series of machines that enabled Terry to achieve some measure of normality.

On Giant's Shoulders is the dramatized saga of their triumph and tribulation. Its most winning feature is its lack of self-pity; these people do not cry, and they do not want the tears of others. Bryan Pringle and Judi Dench are more than convincing in the roles of Len and Hazel, but true honors must go to Terry Wiles, who plays himself. He has not acted before, but he could give lessons to many who have. — ***Gerald Clarke***

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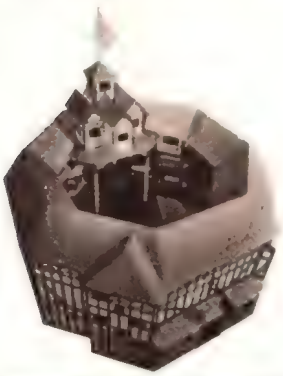

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A New Maestro for Minnesota

Neville Marriner takes a symphonic baton between his teeth

It was 1959, and a promising new chamber orchestra called the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields was gathered in London to make its first recording. The players decided that they needed something they had done without in their initial concerts: a conductor. Their concertmaster, Neville Marriner, hesitantly took the baton. "We went along for a few bars; then everything broke down," Marriner recalls. "We tried a few more bars and everything broke down again. Finally our oboist said, 'Well, Nev, if you're going to conduct, either stand somewhere where we can see you or somewhere where we can't.' "

Marriner has been standing where he can be seen ever since. He has turned out an astonishing total of more than 200 LPs, most of them with the Academy, making him one of the most recorded maestros in history. And far from breaking down every few bars, he has built an international reputation for graceful, lively, intelligently shaped performances, especially of the Baroque composers and Mozart and Haydn. Though he continues to record with the Academy, he has long since ceased to appear regularly with it, having moved on to lead the Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra for ten years and guest-conduct similar groups all over the world.

But the role of the marathon man of the chamber field can become confining, and too much Baroque music, as Marriner says, "is like being in a sewing machine factory." A few years ago, he began taking more and more engagements with symphonic ensembles. Conducting orchestras such as the Concertgebouw, the Boston Symphony and the French National Orchestra, he decided that what he had learned with chamber orchestras "translated very well into the symphonic world." A good thing too because now, at 55, Marriner is deep into the first season of his most challenging symphonic assignment yet, as music director of the Minnesota Orchestra.

The Minnesotans are one of the nation's very good, though not very best, orchestras. After 19 years under the direction of Stanislaw Skrowaczewski, a capable, rather intellectual conductor with an interest in contemporary music, they are versatile and ambitious, but also uneven: they lack a distinct personality. "I would like to give the orchestra an identifiable style," says Marriner. "My ideal would be an orchestra like the Cleveland under the late George Szell, a precise, responsive instrument in which quality, ensemble, intonation are all there." For starters, he is trying to coax more confident, uniform phrasing from the strings and a "rounder, more civilized" sound from the winds, especially the brass.

Last week, in Minneapolis' acoustically splendid Orchestra Hall, Marriner wound up a two-week stint on the podium that charted his progress so far. A trim (5-ft. 8½-in.), businesslike conductor who believes that "most of the work is done in rehearsals, and the concerts are mostly a matter of reassuring and reminding the musicians," he went through his paces with a clear, firm beat and a complete lack of histrionics (unless you count his penchant for clamping his baton between his teeth while applauding a guest soloist). In Mozart's *"Linz" Symphony*, he elicited a buoyant, flowing performance, with the strings singing out freely over subtly balanced winds. In the Beethoven *Violin Concerto*, with Henryk Szeryng as soloist, he showed what a sensitive accompanist he can be. But when he ventured into the late 19th century with Strauss's *Till Eulenspiegel*, or the 20th with the Samuel Barber oratorio *Prayers of Kierkegaard*, the results were less persuasive. Here, ensemble bobbles and overly harsh climaxes were a reminder that the style and discipline that Marriner aspires to will take some time—particularly since his three-year contract calls for him to spend no more than 14 weeks a year with the orchestra.

The conductor relaxing in his Minneapolis apartment

Style, discipline and a bow with a Halloween mask.

Born in Lincoln, a small industrial city in central England, Marriner started playing the violin at five. His first teacher was his father, a carpenter who conducted the choir at the local Methodist church and whose idea of a suitable birthday present for his son was a copy of the second violin part to the *Messiah*. Marriner won a scholarship to the Royal College of Music, and after service in World War II and further studies in Paris, eventually began freelancing with London chamber groups. Before he and some colleagues launched the Academy, he also logged many years in the string sections of London orchestras under such conductors as Herbert von Karajan, Guido Cantelli and the one who inspired him to take up conducting, Pierre Monteux.

This orchestral experience, Marriner believes, provides the answer to the most skeptical question raised about his appointment in Minnesota: Can he master the 19th century romantic works that are the staples of symphonic programming? "I know the standard repertory from the inside," he says. "I've had opinions about it all my life. Now I need to make those opinions into convictions." Comments one orchestra member: "He's feeling his way in this area. He's sharp. He never makes the same mistake twice. But right now he makes a lot of mistakes once." If, as some observers suggest, Marriner is using the orchestra to learn the symphonic repertory, then the arrangement is a trade-off. The orchestra frankly hopes to use his worldwide standing to gain more exposure through recordings and international tours.

Meanwhile, Marriner is also making his mark in nonmusical ways. After a concert in Columbia, Mo., last Oct. 31, he took a curtain call wearing a Halloween mask, a merry prank that would have been unthinkable for the reserved, even austere, Skrowaczewski. Marriner and his wife Molly fare well on the social circuit with "the nobs," as he likes to call them. His quick candor makes him good copy for the press. "Too good," grumbles one influential patron. Immediately upon taking over last fall, he ruffled St. Paul constituents by criticizing the acoustics in their local auditorium and cheerfully supporting a movement to readopt the orchestra's pre-1968 name, the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. "Life's too short to be evasive," he says. "If you're going to make an impact you've got to lay your cards on the table." Judging from Marriner's impact, it seems likely that most of his cards will turn up aces. — ***Christopher Porterfield***

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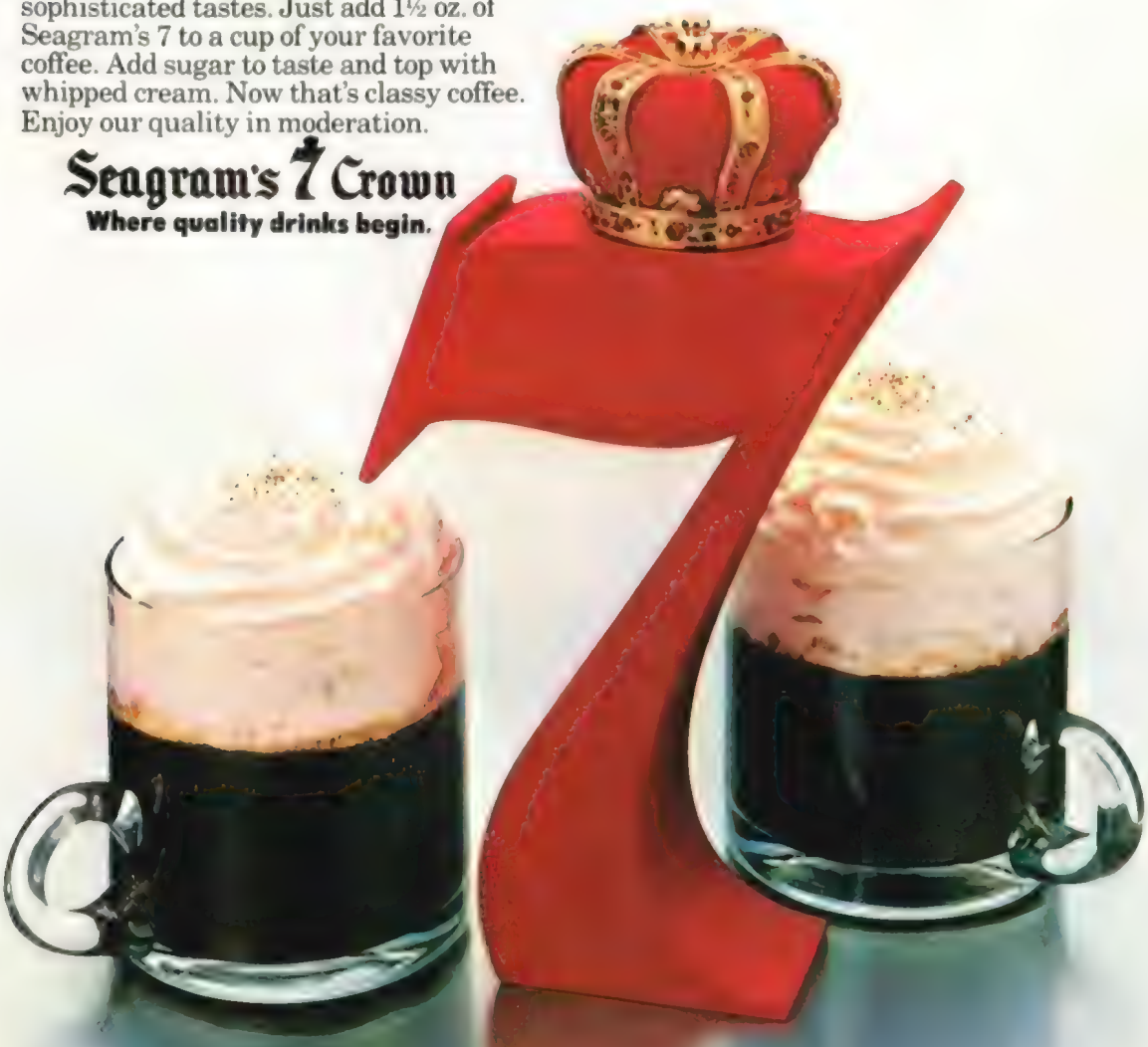

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Cinema

The small circle: Davis, Allen and Parker roll across Harvard Yard

History Test

A SMALL CIRCLE OF FRIENDS
Directed by Rob Cohen
Screenplay by Ezra Sacks

Let's see, did they leave anything out? They have Johnson and Nixon, and the draft lottery (and the anxiety it caused) on television, a confrontation in the Harvard Yard between cops and students, liberated women taking karate lessons and putting on antimale skits, a bookstore being converted into a head shop, a onetime Eagle Scout becoming a member of the Weather Underground, suggestions of a certain uninhibitedness or, anyway, bluntness about sex—why, the principals even set up a *ménage à trois* toward the end of the picture.

That seems to cover everything significant about student life in the U.S. during the very wonderful late '60s. But the very completeness of the survey offered by *A Small Circle of Friends* afflicts it with a curious self-consciousness. It comes to seem less a movie than a picture history of an era—one of those tomes that offer a garble of familiar images held together by a pseudohistorical text. Books of that sort make almost no demands. One leafs idly through them, hoping the telephone will soon ring. A film, unfortunately, demands attention, and here one fixes on when and how it will touch the next predictable base rather than becoming very deeply interested in the two boys and a girl whose college careers it follows.

The circle is really a triangle. By far the most engaging side of it is Jessica, played by Karen Allen, a young actress with a pretty, open face and a straight-shooting manner that is extraordinarily winning. She is bright, wry, self-amused without being self-absorbed. Jameson Parker, as a blond, bland Waspy square (he's pre-med), is perhaps a tad too deep into his role, appealing without being truly interesting. Brad Davis (the sweet victim of *Midnight Express*) proves here that he is really an actor. Playing a hustler carving out a career as a New Journalist, he is as active as he was passive in the earlier film. One begins to think he overdoes the part, but it may be that he was asked to force his performance by Director Cohen in order to provide the film with energy and cutes

Throughout the film, there is the feeling that bustle and activity arise not from a deep need to come to grips with the social forces that probably shaped the lives of its young creators, but from hype. It is not just a question of Davis' overextended performance but of scenes pushed out of shape by relentless, hard-driving direction, of a heavily romantic score intended to force responses out of the audience, of melodramatic cadenzas in the writing that are ill prepared for. The members of the *Small Circle* are not really involved in the larger events of the story; they are acted upon by them but are not really actors in them. Papering over this discontinuity gets the picture into trouble. There are witty, intelligent observations, throwaway lines actually, that skewer some of the nonsense of the '60s. They lead one to think that this movie perhaps started out to be something wiser than it is, that along the way the film makers fell prey to the desire to ingratiate themselves with a generation they might have better served simply by observation and quiet reflection. — ***Richard Schickel***

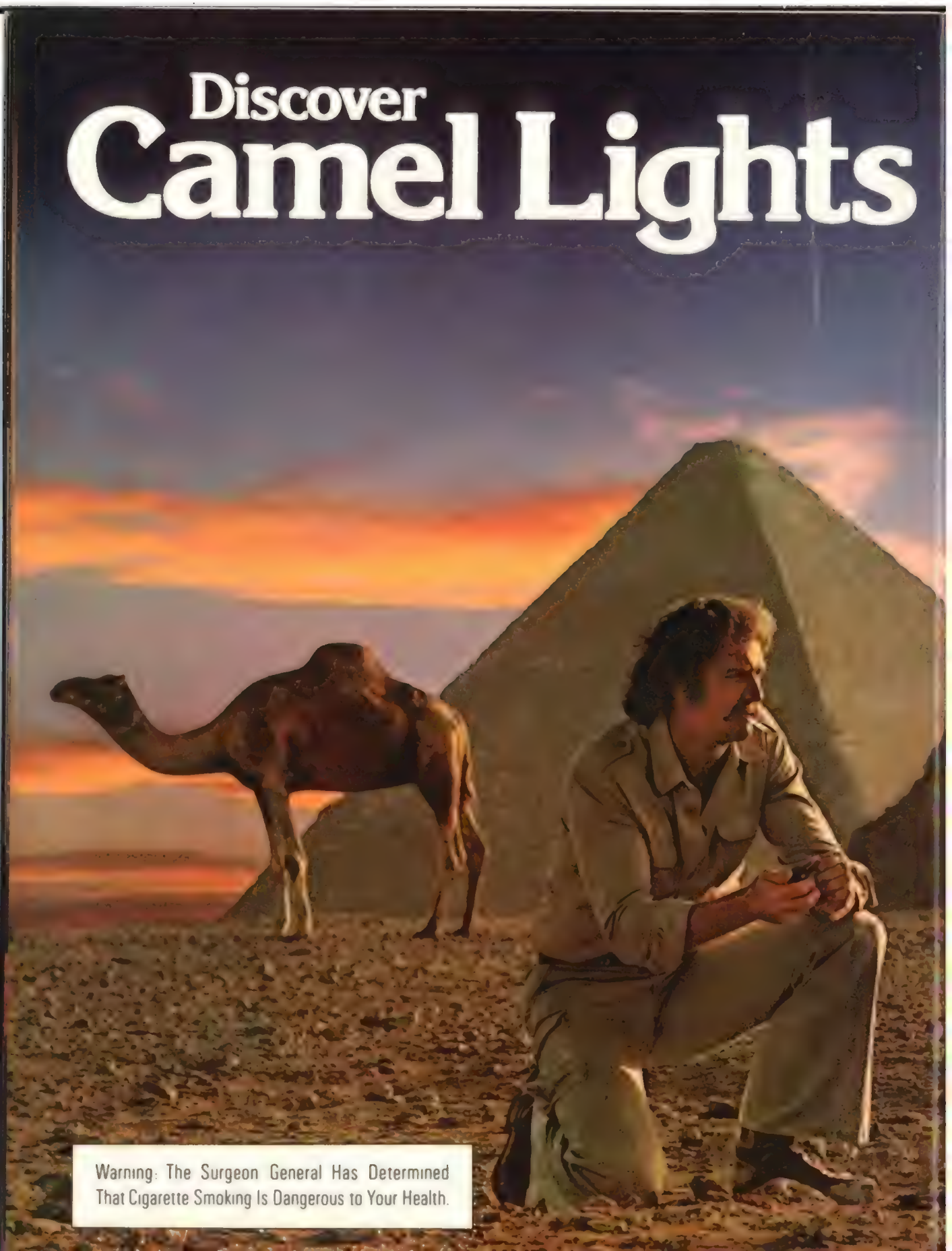
Gray Greene

THE HUMAN FACTOR
Directed by Otto Preminger
Screenplay by Tom Stoppard

This is at least a faithful adaptation. Perhaps deliberately underemploying his gift for mercurial language, Playwright Tom Stoppard has delivered a careful script based on Graham Greene's fine novel about a man forced to choose between betraying his love and betraying his country. The work is translated to the screen with scene-for-scene, almost line-for-line fidelity to the original. In the central role of a bureaucrat in the English espionage apparatus, whose debt to the Communists for helping to spirit his black, politically active wife (affectlessly played by the model Iman) out of South Africa finally rises to insupportable heights, Nicol Williamson gives a strong, subtly controlled performance. There is some nice work, too, by a supporting cast made up largely of distinguished British actors (John Gielgud, Robert Morley and, most notably, Richard Attenborough as an insecure security officer, masking softness with a hearty manner).

It is Director Preminger who lets down the side. Perhaps because his film was hobbled by money problems, he sets up too many scenes in awkwardly arranged groupings and then just lets them run on without a single change of angle. The lighting is harsh, flat and so hasty that ugly shadows frequently play distractingly against the sets. As a result, the film has about it a sad weariness that far exceeds the requirements of the novelist's characteristic tone. The once too flamboyant Preminger has diminished rather than heightened not only the suspense but what was the intense, agonizing human drama of *The Human Factor*. — ***R.S.***

Iman in *The Human Factor*
A choice of love or betrayal.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Sense and Subtlety in Stone

At 75, Isamu Noguchi remains the top U.S. sculptor

Isamu Noguchi is the pre-eminent American sculptor. This fine-boned and unaged man, with a grip as tough as an old Maine lobster's, has expanded his work over an extraordinary range of images, media and purposes in the course of a 50-year career. Whether he is engaged with ballet and theater sets or monumental fountains, pieces for giant plazas or intimate playgrounds, huge sun discs fabricated from carved stone or diminutive wood sculptures and paper lamps, Noguchi's touch has never ceased to be subtle, precise and informed. He is entitled to be seen, in a time characterized by minor and peripheral talent, as one of the very few surviving masters of the modernist tradition: the chief living heir, not only to his teacher Brancusi but also to the classical Japanese feeling for material and nature.

The artist in his New York City studio with one of his marble discs, *The Sun at Noon*

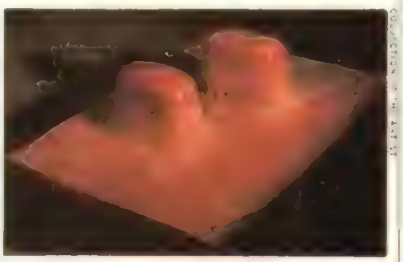
A surviving master of modernism, with a grip as tough as an old Maine lobster's.

Noguchi's work, in its appeal to ancient and immutable archetypes of experience projected through an extremely refined (but never precious) taste, has always possessed a bracing clarity, a power to rid the mind of its daily rubbish and replace the clutter with a strictness of feeling released by apparently simple objects. Noguchi is 75, and at present three exhibitions in Manhattan celebrate his anniversary: a show of his theater and public-space designs at the Whitney Museum, a group of "landscape tables" at the André Emmerich Gallery and a number of smaller stone pieces at the Pace Gallery.

In a sense, Noguchi's tables are like Japanese gardens. As the raked sand of the garden provides an oceanic "world surface" from which the chosen rocks protrude like continents, so the polished surfaces of his table-top sculpture conjure an imagined plain whose sudden rearings and swellings can be seen as mountains or waves. The protrusions seem to heave themselves up, violently, out of the serene surface—an effect emphasized by a sudden change of texture from polished to roughly pecked stone. That, too, is a metaphor of larger geological events: in some real landscapes the mountain does not rise; the softer plain around it is removed inch by inch, by erosion, a process mimicked in sculpture by the action of Noguchi's chisel and grinder.

Thus, again and again, the landscape tables refer to something other than landscape. *Knife in the Rock*, 1970, for example, suggests the pointed blade of a Japanese *tantō* (short sword) impressed in the stone, as though the granite were wax. But, in general, landscape is the sole image, and its core is the stone itself, with its obdurate beauty, dark crystalline structure and archaic associations with ritual and shelter. As a result, a piece like *Double Red Mountain*, 1969, functions both as a highly stylized image of Zen landscape and as a more Western object, tinged with surrealist fantasy, and mixing, in similar proportions, body, altar and stone.

The smaller works at the Pace Gallery are somewhat different in feeling. They represent the "chancy" as opposed to the deliberating Noguchi. Immobilized by a back injury two years ago, and no longer able to work with big stones, he turned to little ones that were lying around his studio in Shikoku, Japan (he has another in New York City). Many of them were lumps of gray Aji granite on which his assistants had been practicing their pointing technique; others were basalt pebbles, dusty brown outside, dense black within. Some of the granite stones he grouped in twos and threes, nesting them into one another so that they seem to have flowed together. With the basalt, he split some stones by a single cut; in others, he opened up the merest chip of polished black "flesh" against the stone's rough, mat "skin," or bored into the surface with a coring saw. The result is more like interference than sculptural transformation, an attempt to see how little one needs to do to a piece of material to turn it convincingly into sculpture.



Landscape table: *Double Red Mountain*

Some pieces are so lightly touched that they are almost *objets trouvés*. But in all of them, the same intense sensibility is at work, making a mere saw cut register as drawing against the dull cortex of the rock, hollowing out a shadow, drawing a surface tight, making the eye aware of what mass and density lie beneath the surface. It is not a spectacular performance, but its mastery in playful thought, and collaboration with material, is close to absolute. — ***Robert Hughes***

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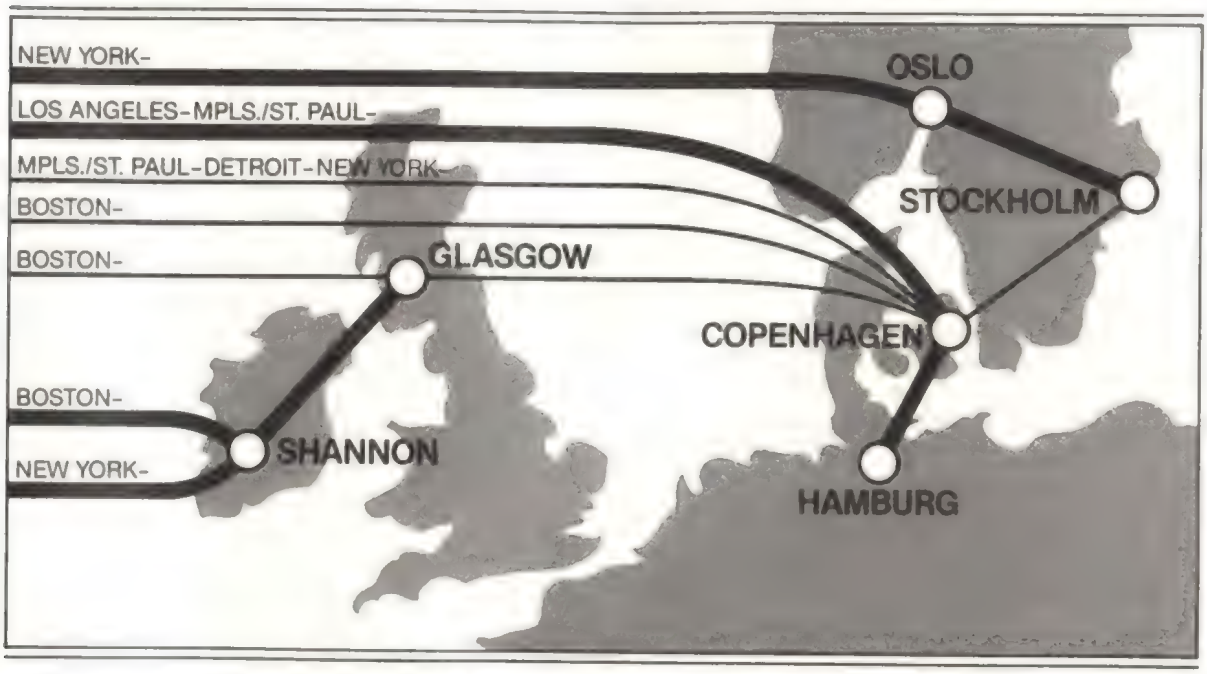

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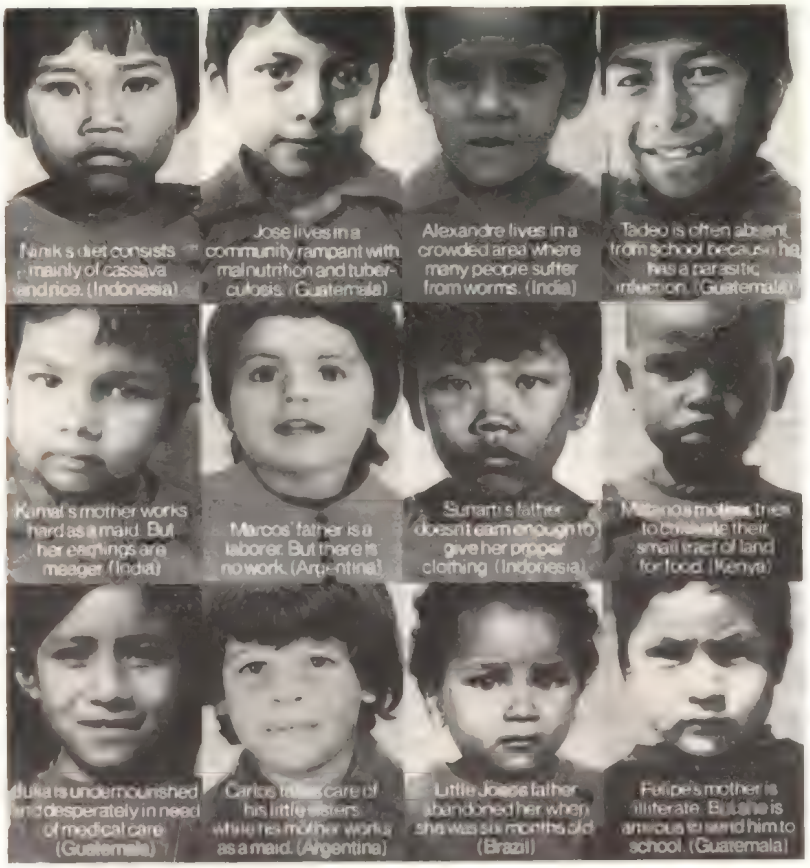

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Medicine

Sweet News

Saccharin seems pretty safe

Saccharin appeared to be on the way out three years ago. A Canadian research team had just reported that "large amounts" of the artificial sweetener caused bladder cancer in rats. It hardly seemed to matter that the "large amounts" were the equivalent of 800 eight-ounce glasses of diet soda per human adult per day over a lifetime. The Food and Drug Administration ordered a general ban on the use of saccharin in food or drink after mid-1977. Reason: the Delaney Clause in the 1958 Food and Drug Act prohibited any food additive that causes cancer in laboratory animals.

The ban created an uproar among the millions of Americans—particularly diabetics and the obese—who use the sweetener. Rats are not people, they said, and anyway the risk seemed small. Congress responded by putting off the ban for 18 months, then delayed it again while consumers, only slightly concerned, continued their saccharin binge. Last week they heard some sweet news. Two new studies gave saccharin a nearly clean bill of health and probably ensured that the FDA ban would never take effect.

One of the studies, conducted by Dr. Alan Morrison and Julie Buring of the Harvard School of Public Health and reported in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, focused on the dietary habits of 592 bladder-cancer patients and a comparable control group of people in good health. No significant difference was found in the amount of saccharin consumed by the two groups, and thus no link between the sweetener and cancer. A similar conclusion, published in *Science*, was reached in a six-city study of 367 bladder-cancer patients and as many healthy subjects carried out by Drs. Ernest Wynder and Steven Stellman of the American Health Foundation. These reports reinforced the negative findings last December of a National Cancer Institute study involving 3,000 people.

Still, even the scientists involved in the latest tests continue to urge caution. In a *New England Journal* editorial, Dr. Robert Hoover, who reported the National Cancer Institute results, notes that the tests showed only that saccharin had not caused any of the current bladder tumors in patients. Because the sweetener has been in widespread use only since the 1960s, it could have still undiscovered long-range carcinogenic effects on the bladder and other organs. Thus, Hoover warns, "any use by nondiabetic children or pregnant women, heavy use by young women of child-bearing age and excessive use by anyone are ill-advised." ■

Sweet dreams, birthday girl.
A diamond is forever.
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Acid from the Skies

Corrosive rain has become an insidious menace

Just a little breeze with some smoke
in its eye,
What have they done to the rain?
—Malvina Reynolds

Already it has killed off the fish in about a hundred lakes in New York's Adirondack wilderness. It has pelted the slopes of the Rockies, and has already affected Scandinavia and much of industrialized Western Europe and Japan. It is a newly recognized and increasingly harmful kind of pollution, invisible and insidious: acid rain, a corrosive precipitation that actually consists of weak solutions of sulfuric and nitric acids.

Last November 35 nations, including the U.S., gathered in Geneva and signed a pact pledging to work together against this skyborne peril. President Carter has authorized a $10 million annual outlay for a ten-year research program on acid rain, which he considers one of the two gravest environmental threats of the decade (the other: increasing levels of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere from the burning of fossil fuels).

Acid precipitation is apparently caused largely by sulfur dioxide emissions from coal-burning power plants, smelters and factories. To a lesser extent, nitrogen oxides from car exhausts and industry contribute to the problem. Rising high into the sky and borne hundreds of miles by winds, these chemicals mix and react with water vapor to form sulfuric and nitric acids. The acids then fall to earth in the form of rain or snow that can damage anything from monuments to living organisms. After a number of such rain showers or highly acidic snow melts, a lake's pH* can plunge low enough to impair the egg-producing ability of fish. Decomposition of organic matter slows, probably because of a loss of scavenging microorganisms. The number of plankton falls off sharply, depleting a vital link in the food chain. Finally, the water appears blue, clear —and virtually lifeless.

The ill effects spread beyond the lakes. In some areas, humans may also be affected. In the Lac la Croix lake system of Ontario, where the Ojibway Indians fish for their livelihood, catches are showing high levels of mercury. Reason: the toxic metal, ordinarily concentrated in sediment, changes into an organic form, methyl mercury, in acid water and is then easily absorbed by the fish. While the threat to plants is not as well understood, acid rain can eat away at leaves, leach nutrients from the soil, interfere with photosynthesis, and affect the nitrogen-fixing capabilities of such plants as peas and soybeans. Scandinavian scientists claim the rain has caused a 15% reduction in timber growth. It can also corrode stone statues, limestone buildings and metal rooftops. In the past two decades, Athens' Parthenon and Rome's Colosseum have deteriorated severely; the prime suspect is acid rain. In the U.S. it may cause as much as $2 billion each year in structural damage.

SIDNEY HARRIS—AMERICAN SCIENTIST

"There's a 60 percent chance of 20 percent acid rain and a 40 percent chance of 30 percent acid rain."

Paradoxically, one tactic in the fight against air pollution has contributed to the increase in acid rain. To keep the air clean in the immediate neighborhoods of factories, industry has been building ever taller smokestacks. These belch gases that are out of sight—and out of mind —for local communities, but not for those downwind. The farther the gases go, the more time they have to combine with moisture and form acids. Indeed, scientists estimate that the world's tallest stack, rising 1,250 ft. above a copper-nickel smelter in Sudbury, Ont., accounts for 1% of all sulfur emissions in the world, including those from volcanoes. All told, Canadian industry and the winds send about half a million tons of these emissions south to the U.S. every year.

But Canada gets more than it gives. Some 2 million tons annually blow north across the border from the U.S., mostly from the industrial Ohio River Valley, which is also thought to be the main source of the Northeast's acid-rain problem. In Europe, says Svante Odén, a Swedish soil scientist, acid rain is equivalent to a "chemical war." Scandinavians claim they are being "bombed" by British and German factories, and similar charges have been exchanged by France and West Germany.

Written before any widespread alarm about acid precipitation, the U.S. Clean Air Act of 1970 gives states a liberal hand in controlling their own emissions to meet federal air quality standards. But it does not assign any responsibility for blights one state may inflict on another. The result has been a see-no-evil attitude that may well require more federal intervention. Also, the 1970 act sets standards only for "ambient," or ground-level air quality; acid rain is formed by high-floating emissions.

In some regions, nature itself buffers the effects of damaging rain; alkaline soils and rocks in the vicinity of the lake help neutralize the acidic water. But when man has tried to duplicate the process by spreading lime on and around endangered lakes, the task has proved expensive and only a temporary palliative.

Taking aim at the source of the trouble, the EPA is requiring the installation of scrubbers that remove up to 90% of sulfur emissions at all new coal-fired power plants. But older plants are not covered by the new law, and the problem is likely to worsen as the country turns increasingly to its vaunted ace in the energy hole, coal. "Washing" high-sulfur coal can help. This process involves crushing the coal, then separating out pyrite, an iron-sulfur compound. Because ash, dirt and rock are removed at the same time, washing also makes the coal more economical to ship and less damaging to utility boilers. Still, the expense of these measures is staggering. By one estimate, just to cut sulfur dioxide emissions by 50% in the Northeastern U.S. alone would cost up to $7 billion annually.

Yet even at such prices a solution may be a bargain. For as ecologists point out, doing nothing about acid rain now could mean nightmarish environmental costs in the future. ■

*pH is a scale, ranging from 0 to 14, for measuring acidity or alkalinity. A chemically neutral solution is denoted by 7, increasing acidity by lower numbers (each one representing a tenfold increase), and rising alkalinity by numbers greater than 7. Rain or snow has a natural pH around 5.6, resulting mainly from atmospheric carbon dioxide, which produces a weak solution of carbonic acid.

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The Rich Are Different

MORGAN'S PASSING *by Anne Tyler; Knopf; 320 pages; $9.95*

Flamboyant, full-blown eccentrics (Ahab, Henderson, Major Major Major) have become rare in U.S. fiction. Contemporary novelists are seldom content simply to portray people; characters must also be accounted for, their anguishes sorted into symptoms, their mannerisms traced back to unhappy childhoods, bad genes or misfiring chemicals. This process emphasizes clarity at the expense of wonder; nothing can kill magic faster than an explanation. In *Morgan's Passing*, Novelist Anne Tyler bucks the current trend by offering a hero who is greater than the sum of his neuroses. Morgan Gower exhibits an amiable screwiness that surpasses understanding. He may also be noisy enough to win Tyler, author of seven other highly praised novels, the wide audience her talents deserve.

Nothing seems wrong with Morgan's life except Morgan's place in it. Married to an agreeable and well-to-do woman, he has helped raise seven daughters and coasted through an easy job managing a hardware store owned by his wife's family. Despite prosperity and leisure, he keeps "wondering how this could have happened. As near as he could recall, he had planned on something different." Attempting to find out what, he stalks through his native Baltimore, black beard bristling, dressed in outrageous combinations of funny hats and surplus-store clothing. Each morning in front of his overstuffed closet, Morgan faces a decision: "Who to be today." His wife Bonny has grown so used to his behavior that she can barely be roused to comment on it. "Do you suppose we couldn't all act like that?" she says at one point. "Go swooping around in a velvet cape with a red satin lining and a feathered hat? That part's the easy part. Imagine being his wife, finding a cleaner who does ostrich plumes."

While pretending to be a doctor, Morgan finds himself delivering a baby girl in the back seat of a car. "Doctoring," he reflects later, "was so easy—a matter of mere common sense. It was almost *too* easy. He'd have more trouble sustaining the role of electrician." The new young parents whom Morgan helps are Emily and Leon Meredith; they make a meager living performing puppet shows at birthday parties. Morgan instantly decides that they are elfin itinerants who have mastered the simple life. Eventually the Meredith accept him as an inevitable, if unusual, member of the family. As years pass and the Meredith marriage sours, Emily and Morgan are drawn together. She becomes pregnant.

This presents a problem to the characters, of course, but to reach this point Tyler has had to solve a puzzler of her own. As a hero, Morgan has all the motile power of a balloon in a drafty room. So what if he leaves Bonny for Emily or vice versa? He can change with the next breeze. Tyler prevents this reaction by tethering Morgan to a household bulging with possessions and people, including his increasingly senile mother and a sister who has made a career out of being unhappy in love. "The extras!" Morgan fumes. "The stacks of unnecessary extras!" Despite his belief that freedom is possible, Morgan can scarcely make a move that will not cause migrations of in-laws and hangers-on, avalanches of furniture.

Given such impedimenta, Morgan's quixotic search for his free spirit is the stuff of comedy, and Tyler plays much of his story just that way. Luckily, her hero is as amusing as he is misguided. He tells an opera story to a bedridden daughter: "Don Giovanni encounters a statue and invites it home to supper." He complains to Emily about Bonny's handling of the family money: "We never see it, never buy anything inspiring with it, but it's there, all right, for things that don't show—new slate roof tiles and the children's education." Morgan's determined innocence can lead him to odd perceptions: "Tottery old ladies, people you wouldn't trust to navigate a grocery cart, are heading two-ton cars in your direction at speeds of 70 miles per hour. Our lives depend on total strangers."

Though she allows her tale to veer toward farce, Tyler always checks it in time with the tug of an emotion, a twitch of regret. Morgan's responses are outrageous, but his stimuli are natural. He reminds Bonny of how he used to fear that their baby girls would die: " 'Relax,' you'd say. Remember? But now look: it's as if they died after all. Those funny little roly-poly toddlers, Amy in her Oshkosh overalls—they're dead, aren't they?" His bitter conclusion: "They've dumped their hamsters on us and gone away." Morgan's dislike of change hardly jibes with his own shifting behavior, but it suggests that he may be as brave as he is silly. *Morgan's Passing* is not another novel about a mid-life crisis; it is a buoyant story about a struggle unto death.

— **Paul Gray**

Excerpt

"You could say he was a man who had gone to pieces, or maybe he'd always been in pieces; maybe he'd arrived unassembled. Various parts of him seemed poorly joined together. His lean, hairy limbs were connected by exaggerated knobs of bone; his black-bearded jaw was as clumsily hinged as a nutcracker. Parts of his life, too, lay separate from other parts. His wife knew almost none of his friends. His children had never seen where he worked; it wasn't in a safe part of town, their mother said. Last month's hobby —the restringing of a damaged pawnshop banjo, with an eye to becoming suddenly musical at the age of 42—bore no resemblance to this month's hobby, which was the writing of a science fiction novel that would make him rich and famous. He was writing about the death of earth."

DIANA H. WALKER

Anne Tyler

Checking farce with the tug of an emotion, a twitch of regret.

Anguish Artist

THE BLEEDING HEART
by Marilyn French
Summit; 377 pages; $12.95

The bestseller is the AK-47 of the women's liberation movement. It has proved to be a highly effective weapon: relatively cheap, easy to mass produce, reliable and deadly even in inexperienced hands. A case in point was Marilyn French's first novel, *The Women's Room* (1977). It hit middle-class America at the right time. Consciousness was up; stale marriages were crumbling like mummies exposed to the air; Jacks were breaking their crowns and Jills stopped tumbling after. *The Women's Room* certainly contributed to the body count. Its views were stated with unnerving energy and conviction; the prose was tight; the suburban settings had the authentic odor of nylon pile, and the characters were quivering chunks torn from the author's own life. Her soul on ice, Marilyn French sounded like a feminist Eldridge Cleaver.

The Bleeding Heart suggests a slight thaw. Its core is a seemingly endless and inconclusive dialogue—SALT talks in the gender wars—between a 45-year-old woman and her lover, a middle-aged businessman. Dolores Durer is a professor of English at a Boston college, divorced and the mother of grown children. She is in Oxford, England, to complete research for her book, *Lot's Wife: A Study of the Identification of Women with Suffering*.

Victor Morrissey, 50, is in Britain to open a branch office. His wife is in a wheelchair in Scarsdale, N.Y. She lost both legs when, enraged and intoxicated after learning of her husband's philandering, she drove her car into a concrete abutment. The relentless tenet of *The Bleeding Heart* is that women always suffer and pay more than men.

Even Dolores' name is a constant and heavyhanded reminder: the Latin *dolor*, for pain; *durare*, to endure. Victor means victor, the confident, satiated gladiator who pats his woman on the rump and rushes off to compete for glory and riches. He gets ample time to give his side of the story. The man is bright but no intellectual threat to Dr. Durer's fevered assertions and generalizations. Still, he may be too smart to challenge such filibusters as, "What I want, Victor, is to change the world . . . To make it a place where women's way of seeing, thinking, feeling, is as valid as men's. Where maybe even men will join the women because they will see that women's way of thinking is more decent, more humane, and in the long run, Victor, more likely to preserve the human race!"

Dolores never backs down; her self-respect is at stake, and it is apparently still too new and fragile to allow concessions. One can admire her for this, even while she uses her vulnerability to assume the dual role of a martyred carrier of great truths and a political radical who believes "you have to be narrow when you're at war." Neither is it difficult to understand Dolores' need for Victor's warm body at the same time that she resents him. She has had it rough, as her copious flashbacks to a miserable marriage and family tragedies indicate. Life is messy, after all, and consistency is often the first casualty.

But a messy novel about life's disorder does not work any better than a tedious novel about tedium. *The Bleeding Heart* can be entered in both categories. Its beginning reads as if D.H. Lawrence and Erica Jong had collaborated on a soap opera. Victor and Dolores first meet on a train between London and Oxford, silently swap glances and end up in bed at her apartment without exchanging ten words or knowing each other's last names. A sample description of this zipless encounter: "They clutched and caressed as their hearts pumped, as the sparks fell, as fiery charges burned them up." Sometimes the prose strains for an effect that becomes downright aphasic: "Eccentrics they were, she supposed, her friends, but fun."

Paradoxically, much of the dialogue works. French has a knack for orchestrating voices. Even they grow stale, however, as the conversations between Victor and Dolores come to follow a predictable cycle: Scotch drinking, lovemaking, remembrances of painful pasts and talk that adds up to a feminist equivalent of Soviet socialist realism. Yet *The Bleeding Heart* is not just a popular novel for the female market. Attentive male readers will discover why so many women are now saying "Yes, yes" when there's "No, no" in their eyes. — ***R.Z. Sheppard***

Marilyn French
SALT talks in the gender wars.

Grubby Cherub

DREAMS IN THE MIRROR
by Richard S. Kennedy
Liveright; 529 pages; $19.95

e. (Edward) e. (Estlin) cummings was a romantic poet who never grew up. Most of the good ways he stayed young show in his work. He spent a lifetime strewing lower-case words around the page, attacking conformity and praising women

Most of the bad ways he stayed young show in his life and philosophy, and they matter very little.

Cummings had few ideas. Instead he used a petrified list of "goods" and "bads" about which he felt passionate Flowers were good, all mechanisms, including radios and vacuum cleaners, bad Feeling was good, thought bad. Freedom was good, conformity bad. Worst of all was responsibility, something Cummings made a career of avoiding. Richard Kennedy's fat, workmanlike and affectionate book, *Dreams in the Mirror*, is the first full-scale scholarly biography of the poet Partly because of Cummings' character, reading it is a bit like wrestling in a boxcar full of feathers. The cargo is ticklish, and there is precious little weight for the volume.

Cummings' father called him "Chub," short for cherub. His mother always wanted a son who would be a poet, and she kept a record. His first verse, at age three "Oh my little birdie oh/ With his little toe. toe, toe!" At the Cambridge Latin School in Cambridge, Mass., Estlin tried to write a poem a day. Sample at age 16: "God, keep me trying to win the prize;/ Pamper me not,though I be crying./ Though snickering worlds wink owlish eyes. God,keep me trying." Harvard (A.B 1915, M.A. 1916) all but undid this model boy. His discovery of the decadent poets of the 1890s led him to write lines like "(Oh God!) the wonder of you—" Courtesy of Ezra Pound, he also fell in with free verse and the imagist movement. Poetry henceforth was to be simple, sensuous and direct, images fresh, startling and spare Cummings proved an apt poetic experimenter, though some of his finest verse, eventually, was traditional

This is the garden. Time shall
surely reap
and on Death's blade lie many a
flower curled,
in other lands where other songs be
sung;
yet stand They here enraptured, as
among
the slow deep trees perpetual of
sleep
some silver-fingered fountain steals
the world.

One of his father's mottoes was "We can't all of us be honored by titles and de-

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Books

e.e. cummings

Sing like an idiot, whisper like a drunk.

grees but we can all be Knights of the Daily Bath." As a Harvard rebel, Cummings more or less gave up washing. Mother sometimes managed to steal his shoes at night to give them a respectable shine.

In 1917 he went to France with the Norton-Harjes Ambulance Service. There he tangled with suspicious French authorities and wound up doing some time at La Ferté-Macé, in a prison for dissidents, misfits and security risks. One result was *The Enormous Room*, published in 1922, Cummings' savage account of prison life and human solidarity. The book is still a classic. After the war Cummings settled in Greenwich Village, where he lived on money supplied by his parents and admiring friends. In the 1930s, watching F.D.R. and something Cummings liked to call "the nude eel" increase Government power, he began to describe America as the "home of the slave." But when he traveled to Russia he found Stalinism far more repressive and said so: "kumrads die because they're told . . . all good kumrads you can tell/ by their altruistic smell."

Cummings had three wives, two of them fashion models, all of them beautiful. In 1919 he had a child by Elaine Thayer, the estranged wife of his best friend Scofield Thayer, publisher of *Dial* magazine. A few years later the poet married Elaine, but the couple stayed together less than a year. He made at best sketchy attempts to have a part in his daughter's life. She was 28 years old, in fact, before she learned Cummings was her father. Kennedy does his best with this blend of scandal and soap opera; the revelatory meeting between father and grownup daughter is the closest thing to an excuse for the last half of the book.

"along the brittle treacherous bright streets/ of memory comes my heart,singing like/ an idiot,whispering like a drunken man/ who(at a certain corner,suddenly)meets/ the tall policeman of my mind." This was the best poetic expression of Cummings' lifelong view that a murderous antagonism exists between thought and feeling. The tall policeman of his mind appeared very few times in his verse and hardly at all in his life. A pity; because of that absence, people suffered, not the least of them the poet. *Dreams in the Mirror* measures the pain; for pleasure, the reader, like Cummings, has to go to the poems themselves. — ***Timothy Foote***

Editors' Choice

FICTION: Life Before Man, *Margaret Atwood* • On the Edge of the Cliff, *V.S. Pritchett* • Shikasta, *Doris Lessing* • Smiley's People, *John le Carré* • The Beginning Place, *Ursula K. Le Guin* • The Bloody Chamber *Angela Carter* • Yellowfish, *John Keeble*

NONFICTION: And No Birds Sang, *Farley Mowat* • Fin-de-Siècle Vienna, *Carl E. Schorske* • Maugham, *Ted Morgan* • Misia, *Arthur Gold & Robert Fizdale* • Sex in History, *Reay Tannahill* • Show People, *Kenneth Tynan* • The Right Stuff, *Tom Wolfe*

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Devil's Alternative, *Forsyth (1 last week)*
2. Smiley's People, *Le Carré (2)*
3. Princess Daisy, *Krantz (3)*
4. Triple, *Follett (5)*
5. The Bourne Identity, *Ludlum (10)*
6. Portraits, *Freeman (7)*
7. Memories of Another Day, *Robbins (4)*
8. Jailbird, *Vonnegut (8)*
9. Who's on First, *Buckley*
10. The Top of the Hill, *Shaw (6)*

NONFICTION

1. The Brethren, *Woodward & Armstrong (1)*
2. Donahue, *Donahue & Co. (2)*
3. Free to Choose, *Milton & Rose Friedman (3)*
4. Aunt Erma's Cope Book, *Bombeck (4)*
5. On a Clear Day You Can See General Motors, *Wright (5)*
6. Anatomy of an Illness as Perceived by the Patient, *Cousins (6)*
7. All You Need to Know About the IRS, *Strassels with Wool*
8. The Pritikin Program for Diet and Exercise, *Pritikin with McGrady (9)*
9. The Right Stuff, *Wolfe (7)*
10. White House Years, *Kissinger (8)*

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New Cash for an Old Bostonian

Mort Zuckerman, a non-Yankee, buys the Atlantic

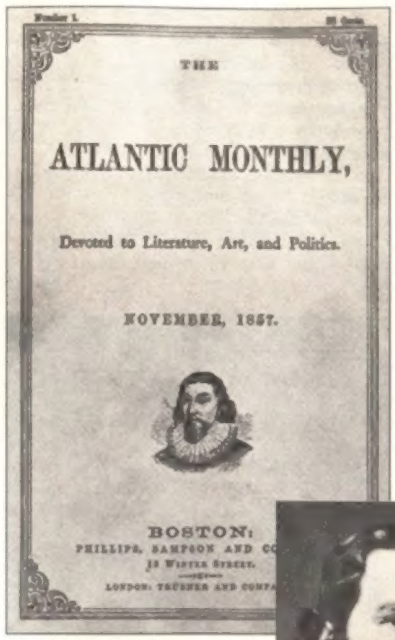
Some fellows named Lowell, Emerson, Longfellow and Holmes thrashed out the idea with several others over oysters, steak and Burgundy at the Parker House in Boston. Their aim was a truly American magazine that would "concentrate the efforts of the best writers upon literature and politics, under the light of the highest morals." They succeeded admirably. In the 123 years since that founding dinner, the *Atlantic Monthly* has been a bastion of Yankee rectitude and high literary purpose.

Thus it might have come as something of a jolt for the *Atlantic's* readers to learn that their august, old-Boston publication will soon be in the hands of a smooth non-Yankee who has made millions in real estate development. By May, after a few minor details are worked out, Mortimer Zuckerman, 42, will take over as president and chairman of the Atlantic Company, which includes the magazine and its book publishing division, the Atlantic Monthly Press.* Says he: "I hope to combine the magazine's very special place in American letters with a solid financial base and good business management."

The *Atlantic* (circ. 340,000) has been slaloming in and out of the red for years and is plainly in need of an infusion of fresh capital. Marion Danielsen Campbell, 58, a New Yorker whose family has owned the magazine since 1938, spurned numerous corporate suitors while waiting for the right buyer to come along. Zuckerman had the requisite cash and professed no desire to tamper with the *Atlantic's* venerable formula.

Some rock-ribbed readers were not so sure. A few Bostonians even suggested that Zuckerman coveted the *Atlantic* chiefly for its stately, if somewhat crumbling, brownstone headquarters at 8 Arlington Street, a prime property overlooking the Boston Public Garden and just an olive's throw from the Ritz-Carlton. Fumes Zuckerman: "That's preposterous."

Born and raised in Montreal (he became a U.S. citizen in 1977), Zuckerman earned degrees at McGill University, Harvard Law School and the University of Pennsylvania's Wharton School. After a stint with Cabot, Cabot and Forbes, the large Boston real estate development firm, Zuckerman formed his own company, Boston Properties, whose holdings around the U.S. are now worth some $200 million. He also became an associate professor of city and regional planning at Harvard. A friend of four-term Boston Mayor Kevin White, Zuckerman was White's choice to build two large-scale renewal projects that were bitterly opposed by some community groups. His involvement in these controversies and his high profile in Boston political circles have earned him a reputation as a shrewd operator. Says a city official: "He skates very well, so you better have your blades sharpened when dealing with Mort."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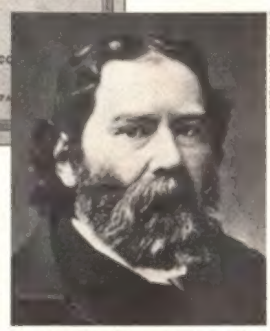
BROWN BROTHERS

First Editor James R. Lowell

Zuckerman describes himself as a "newspaper and magazine junkie" who would "drive 30 miles for a New York *Times.*" He counts as friends such journalistic heavies as Writers Richard Goodwin and Doris Kearns and *New Republic* Editor and Publisher Martin Peretz. "Acquiring the *Atlantic* expands my personal life into more of a professional involvement," says Zuckerman. A man who has worked with him suggests he also wants the magazine for its cachet: "He's very bright and very insecure, and has an overwhelming need for acceptance within a certain circle of society."

Under Editor in Chief Robert Manning, 60, who took the magazine's helm in 1966, the once retiring *Atlantic* has become more aggressive, topical and visually pleasing. A former Assistant Secretary of State, TIME senior editor and Sunday editor of the old New York *Herald Tribune,* Manning has also broadened the magazine's coverage of political affairs. A notable example was last year's "The Passionless Presidency," a devastating two-part memoir of the Carter Administration by Washington Editor James Fallows, a former White House speechwriter.

The *Atlantic* has not lost its calm, its intelligent voice or its reputation for literary excellence. Except for *The New Yorker,* it remains the foremost showcase for serious fiction and poetry in the U.S. Among recent contributors: John Barth, Bernard Malamud, John Updike, Joyce Carol Oates and John Gardner. The March issue features an essay by Archibald MacLeish, a memoir by Isaac Bashevis Singer and a poem by Robert Penn Warren.

The *Atlantic's* chief rival is *Harper's* (circ. 301,000). Since 1952 the two publications have sold advertising jointly, an arrangement made possible by their similar circulation and demographics. Editorially the two monthlies go their separate ways. *Harper's,* founded seven years before the *Atlantic,* is usually feistier. *Harper's* tone is set by the crotchety essays of Editor Lewis H. Lapham, 45, who slays the fashions of the moment with 18th century prose. Circulation is down 68,000 since 1970, however, and *Harper's* owner for the past 15 years, John Cowles Jr. of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune

RICH FRIEDMAN

New Owner Zuckerman with Editor Manning at the magazine's Boston offices

*Atlantic titles are published jointly with Little, Brown and Co., a subsidiary of Time Inc.

Co., is said to be ready to unload it.

With the additional resources promised by his new boss, Manning hopes to beef up the *Atlantic's* coverage of science, business and law. Zuckerman promises to steer clear of editorial matters, but even Manning admits: "He's a very active, aggressive guy. I expect we'll be on the phone with him a lot."

Like hemlines and movie attendance, the fortunes of thoughtful publications tend to rise in bad times. At the weekly *New Republic*, circulation dropped by half after the turbulent days of Viet Nam and Watergate, but is now on the upswing (at 92,000). Its rival, the *Nation* (circ. 48,000), has more than doubled its readership since Author Victor Navasky (*Kennedy Justice*) took over as editor in 1977. "The deterioration of the world situation and the domestic economy happens to be a boon for serious magazines," says the *New Republic's* Peretz. Adds Zuckerman: "Social trends are changing so rapidly that television and newspapers can capture only the most superficial aspects. The *Atlantic* gives a fuller, more reflective context for serious issues. I think the audience will be there." Stay tuned. ■

No Times for *Us*

A fortnightly finds a home

The unwanted child of the New York Times Co., *Us* magazine, finally found a foster home last week. The Macfadden Group, publisher of *True Confessions, Secrets* and *Cheri* ("The All True Sex News Magazine"), acquired the fortnightly personality magazine after Times executives had spent months trying to peddle it—to CBS and the *National Enquirer*, among others. Macfadden will assume *Us's* existing subscription liabilities, estimated at about $4 million. It will also pay the Times Co. more than $5 million out of the magazine's future profits, if there are any; the Times Co. sank $10 million into *Us*, but it remained a perennial money loser. All but a handful of the 35-member editorial staff will be dismissed. Says Peter J. Callahan, president and owner of Macfadden: "We will keep the same basic editorial thrust for the time being."

The Times Co. launched *Us* in April 1977, hoping to follow PEOPLE magazine's fast rise to popularity and profits. *Us* guaranteed advertisers an initial circulation of 750,000, but had to fall back to 500,000 (it is now 900,000). William Davis, president of the Times Magazine Group, meddled incessantly with the editorial product, and other Times Co. executives cringed in embarrassment. Ironically, *Us* had two of its hottest selling issues ever (both topped 1.1 million) in the past two months, and seemed close to carving out an identity as a more youth-directed version of PEOPLE (circ. 2.3 million). "I still don't understand why the Times Co. is so hell-bent on getting out," says Callahan. Explains Times Co. Vice Chairman Sydney Gruson: "It was not what we did best." ■

Theater

Blood and Fire

MAJOR BARBARA
by George Bernard Shaw

Shaw is a Vesuvius of eloquent rhetoric. But his ideas are borrowed, chiefly from Nietzsche, Ibsen, Marx, Darwin, Wagner and William Blake. A grand proselytizer, he was to those men what St. Paul was to Christ.

Though a professed atheist, Shaw was possessed by an evangelical passion. He was convinced that if spiritual power could be harnessed to material power, man would be transformed into a higher order of being. That is at the core of *Major Barbara*, which is being given a top-notch revival at Manhattan's Circle in the Square Theater. The motto of the Salvation Army is "Blood and Fire." Shaw paradoxically translates this into "Money and Gunpowder."

Andrew Undershaft (Philip Bosco) is a munitions magnate. Having renounced his family some 20 years before, he suddenly descends upon them. His wife Lady Britomart (Rachel Gurney) is the same socially ingratiating charmer she always was. Undershaft finds his son Stephen (Nicholas Walker) a simp of propriety, and to his dismay learns that his mettlesome daughter Barbara (Laurie Kennedy) has become a devoted minion of the Salvation Army. Her adoring shadow is Adolphus Cusins (Nicolas Surovy), an elitist teacher of Greek. When Undershaft taunts him as "Euripides" and Cusins flings back "Machiavelli," the tycoon is rather taken with the scholar.

Undershaft vows to win daughter and suitor over. He visits Barbara's soup kitchen shelter and proves with an open checkbook that he can bribe the poor and buy the Army, which desolates Barbara. He then invites everyone to his munitions plant, where the workers dwell in a model city. From generation to generation the Undershaft inheritance can only go to a foundling, and Cusins qualifies. Moralistically sniffish, Cusins resists Undershaft's blandishments until the cagey old dialectician storms, "Dare you make war on war?" Cusins succumbs, vowing to arm the common man against "the lawyers, the doctors, the literary men, the politicians, who, once in authority, are more disastrous and tyrannical than all the fools, rascals and impostors."

At the Salvation Army shelter: Kennedy, Gurney, Bosco, Surovy

Unlocking treasures of the mind with the sensitive touch of a safecracker.

If *Major Barbara* has a weakness it lies in Shaw's touching belief in the social potency of the seemingly formidable mechanisms of power. Power, like all things human, is fragile. One glimpse of the ruins of all the great European civilizations ought to have taught Shaw that. Revivals, too, may prove fragile. This one shows tensile strength. Director Stephen Porter always holds up a steady mirror to a playwright's inner vision, never more precisely than in *Major Barbara*. His cast is superb—Bosco's polished diabolism as Undershaft, Kennedy's valiantly wounded purity as Barbara, Jon De Vries' scruffily belligerent ruffianism as one of the undeserving poor.

The evening is a headlong delight, and a special exhilaration arises from Shaw's gift for wittily unlocking treasures of the mind with the sly, sensitive touch of a safecracker. — ***T.E. Kalem***

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